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NO. V.

CONTENTS.

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	Page
The Bluffs of Semla.....	50
Miss Moonshine's Expectations.....	51
Autobiography of a Monomaniac.....	52
Lines: Sacred to the Memory of Charles W. Holden.....	53
Recreations, Sports and Pastimes.....	54
The First Dead.....	55
Susy L——'s Diary.....	56
How Softly the Moonlight.....	57
Georgey.....	58
The Wild Horse and the Indian Chief.....	59
The Prayer.....	60
London Bridge.....	61
Farewell to Summer.....	62
Aquila Chase.....	63
Qui Vit.....	64
Going into Winter Quarters.....	65
The Bibliopolist.....	66
Open the Blinds.....	67
The Bridal of Woe.....	68
Holden's Review.....	69
Topics of the Month.....	70

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Bluffs of Semla. (Frontispiece.).....	71
Georgey.....	72

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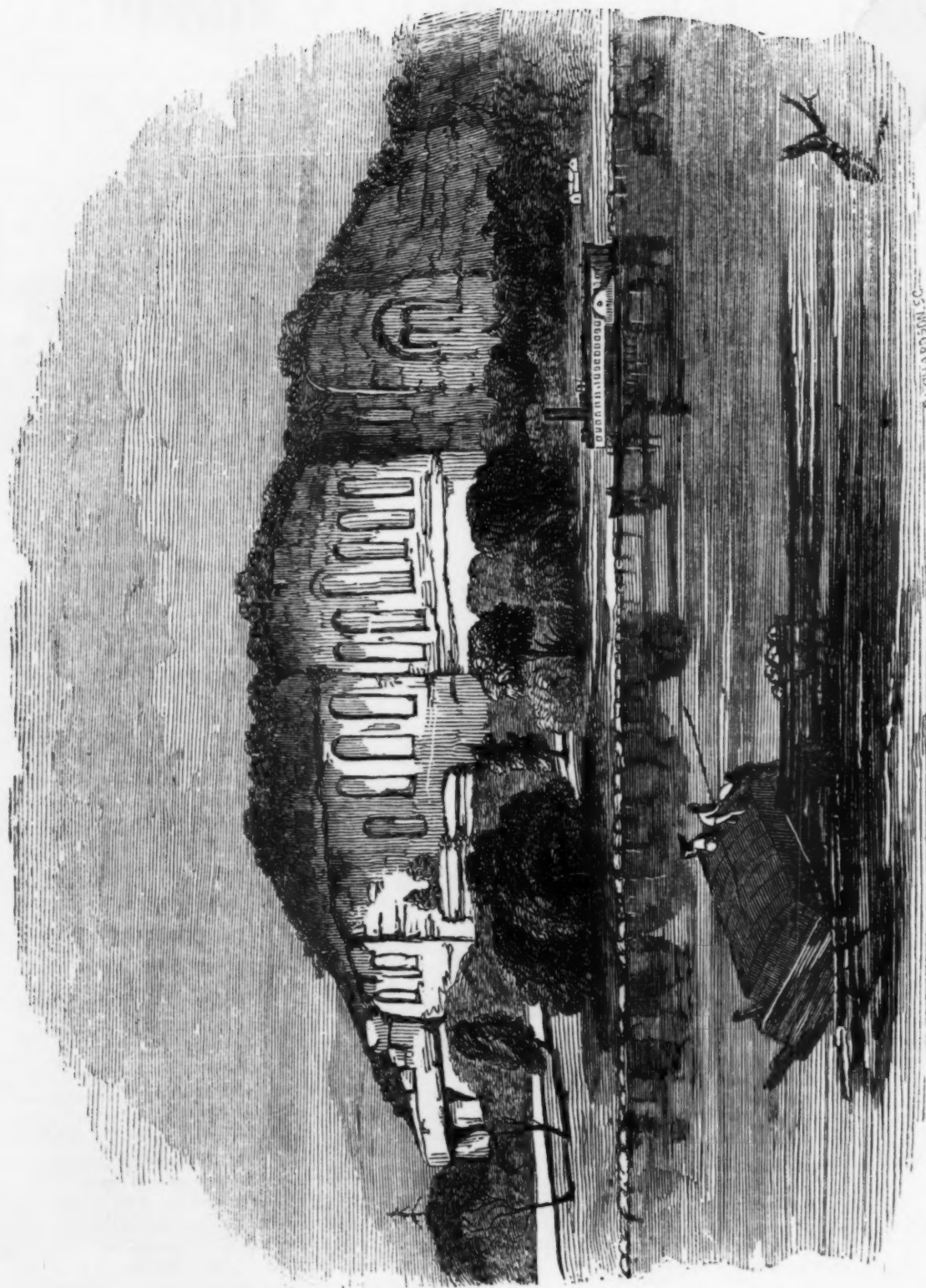
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THE BLUFFS OF SEMLA ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

W. H. H. & S. H. S.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1849.

NO. V.

THE BLUFFS OF SEMLA,

ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

ALL the waters of the famous rivers of antiquity, which are renowned in song and story, and as familiar as household words to us in the New World, if united in one stream would not make a water course equal to the Mississippi, of which the world as yet knows comparatively nothing.— But the “rivers of Macedon” will be forgotten by and by, when the mighty Mississippi will be rolling in its grandeur and made the theme of poems, and the subject of pictures and impersonations. Men have now but begun to talk about it, and visit the vast solitudes of primeval forests which clothe its banks. Magnificent cities have yet to rise by its waters, and millions of human beings to people the valleys which have been enriched by it. The whole region of the Mississippi is an exaggeration of Nature, as respects the Old World, and it is no wonder that men who emigrate thither, or are born there, conceive magnificent ideas, and project stupendous works which the tamer inhabitants of the East regard as hyperbolic. Even the jokes and humor of Western men are broader than those of the East, and the small talk of society is grandiose and sublime compared with the conversational coin of other parts of the world. Perhaps one of the most characteristic instances of the tendency to grandeur of thought among our countrymen of the Southwest, is afforded by the panorama of Banvard, the vagabond artist, now almost as famous as the subject of his *chef d'œuvre* on canvas. He went to the Southwest an undistinguished lad in quest of fortune, and no sooner saw the mighty father of waters rolling his impetuous flood through thousands of miles to the sea, than he conceived the idea of painting a portrait of the river three miles in length! Hitherto artists had been content to paint views of nature on bits of canvas not bigger than a pocket handkerchief, but Banvard was inspired by the Genius of the West to attempt a picture bearing some proportion in size to the object before him. With the boldness of youth, and the audacity of genius, he commenced his work which has been long since finished, admired, become famous, and enriched the painter. Since such signal success attended the efforts of Banvard others have attempted similar works, and some have been successful, but many more have failed. The present has become an age of panoramas.— We have miles and miles of canvas representing everywhere and everything, and people go of an evening to make a voyage on canvas to Europe, up the Rhine, Round the World, to California,

and on a Whaling Voyage. There is much merit in many of these picture voyages, and the multitude get a good deal of information by such means, of foreign countries, and have not the trouble and expense of travel, or the labor of reading. If Defoe had lived in these days, he would probably have painted the adventures of Robinsin Crusoe on canvas ten miles long, and Captain Cook would have saved his life by circumnavigating the globe with a palette and paint brush.

But all this has nothing to do with the Bluffs of Semla, although the Bluffs of Semla and our readers are indebted to a panorama for its pictorial representation of this remarkable point on the Mississippi, in the pages of our Magazine. Mr. Banvard carried his three miles of Mississippi scenery to London, where he has met with distinguished success in exhibiting the big river to the Cockneys; and artists go there to make sketches of the scenes as they would go to nature, and enrich their portfolios with views of prominent points of interest on the Mississippi, without even leaving the sound of Bowbells. From one of the sketches so made by an English artist we have copied the view of the Bluffs of Semla. Those who have passed the spot on the deck of a steamboat will at once recognize the accuracy of the sketch, and may be incredulous of the fact that it was by an artist who had never seen it.

There is an air of romantic grandeur about Banvard's panorama, although it is of little value as a work of art, which affects the spectator like reading the high wrought and romantic descriptions of the river in Chateaubriand's *Atala*.

No satisfactory account has yet been given of the cause of the arched excavations in the Bluffs of Semla. It is difficult to conceive that they are the work of men's hands, and quite as difficult to imagine any natural cause that would produce such an effect. It has been supposed, or rather suggested, that the arched markings may have been caused by the action of the wind, but, as the wind acts on the surface of the Bluffs now precisely as it always must have done, since their surface was first exposed to the action of the atmosphere, the hollowing out should be still continued; but such does not appear to be the case.

There is no point on this interesting and stupendous river that presents a more curious object for the study and investigation of the natural philosopher and antiquarian, than the sculptured Bluffs of Semla.

MISS MOONSHINE'S EXPECTATIONS.

BY CAROLINE C — .

" Wonders never will cease."

CANANDAIGUA, 1849.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND, KATE WILLIAMS:

Well, well, my darling, did either of us ever dream, in the days lang syne, when me went strawberrying together in the burial-ground, and nutting in the woods, and shell-hunting on the lake shore, that poor insignificant *I* would be, in the hereafter for which we so longed, talking to you through the columns of a popular magazine? I trow we did not! We are neither of us "Methusalems," to be sure; that is, grayer heads than ours have oftentimes been seen since the days of Adam and Moses—still we have lived long enough to see some strange sights, and to hear of some strange things, but few stranger than this, *I* fancy.

Most scribblers leave their private correspondence to be published by loving friends posthumously, but there is nothing like "taking time by the forelock,"—it is altogether the best way of action, and for reasons so multitudinous, that I am confident you will accept the truth very willingly on my mere assertion without proof. But, to business.

Congratulate me, for at last I have a bit of news to communicate; a choice bit, which the gossipers as yet know nothing of, so you will appreciate its full value at once. Our dear old friend, Miss Moonshine, Beautiful Moonshine is at last caught in the toils of Cupid, and after all her wanderings she is going to settle for good in the State of Matrimony!!

If ever you rolled up your eyes and looked wonderful, Kate, I'm sure you are doing that thing just now; and notwithstanding the dash and roar of Erie's intervening waters, I hear your voice quite as distinctly as did "Jane Eyre" hear "Fairfax Rochester's" on a more important occasion, I hear you bidding Carry and Bell away into the garden, and now there is "a smile on your lip, and a tear in your eye," as you grow confident that I am really writing *to you*, and you *only*; you are glad to hear from the "old place," and you *are* curious to hear all about Beautiful's engagement, are you not, mine ancient familiar?

Dear me, I am in such a hurry to be in the very midst of my story I scarcely know where to begin, but after all there is no such need of haste, and to tell the "plain unvarnished truth," on such a day as this, (so subduingly warm,) one must be calm; "lend me your ear," therefore, and be patient and we will take our time.

But, oh, if you only knew what an almost irresistible impulse I feel at this very moment to play a tune familiar to your ears on the substantial old brick partition wall, which separates this room, wherein I write, from the sanctum where you so often equipped for travels in dream-land! Still,

common sense has not yet entirely deserted me, and the pay for all my pains would only be a dull, dead answering sound, and a tingling sensation in the finger ends, and then I should all the more suddenly awake from the kind of enchantment that now holds me captive. Therefore will I keep my seat beside the desk, and, really, in earnest set about telling you of dear Beautiful.

How we used to wonder, when she had become our intimate friend, that so gifted and lovely a creature should have been always entirely destitute of lovers. Ha! ha! our childish blindness and ignorance, "only that and nothing more." Why, half the world at the least was kneeling at her feet even then, and now its all plain as A. B. C. what made her so pale and pensive oftentimes. It's not at all difficult to understand why she so often run away from us, when, with childish impertinence, we rallied her so unmercifully on her often absent manner and so strange looks. A lady surrounded by such a host of lovers as was she, giving audience constantly to one after another, and compelled to pain so many hearts, might well look thoughtful and weary at times.

Now, when I think thereupon, it does not seem so very strange that our friend should have acquired such almost unlimited sway over the *hearts of the opposition*. Beautiful is so beautiful, so gentle, so kind, so generous! and you will bear witness, chere ami, that if she is obliged to confess to a good round number of creatures, there is not one of our acquaintance who has preserved her youth so well. Without doubt she has in her keeping some elixir even more wonderful and efficacious than any yet discovered by the host of quacks abounding in our day—yea, doubtless, and I mean to coax the recipe from her some time, and per express you shall have it, if you are only punctual this once in replying to my epistle.

You remember her smile. Yes, you *must* remember that, so sweet, so natural, and the farthest possible remove from the simper of — or the grin of —! And then her voice! it baffles all description; such a gentle, musical, bewitching, love-inspiring voice, I really would like to see the mortal who could resist any plea that it might urge.

When we were young, Kate, you will remember that our friend gave us many lessons of wisdom, but I believe she never in those days gave us much of her confidence. Perhaps the reason of her becoming so communicative after your departure was, that she saw me so lonely, and in the plenitude of her charitable feeling, thought that I might possibly be cheered up by the detail of some of her funny experiences. She may not have anticipated that I would make a speculation out of her secrets—but this cannot be well helped. Necessity is the mother of many expedients, and all

shall be made justifiable to Beautiful when next she appears.

Our fair friend has not been limited to the youths of Yankee-land—from some circumstances I am inclined to think they form the smallest part of her train of admirers and lovers. To be sure, they, being an exceedingly susceptible race, have without number bent the knee to her, tormenting her with sighs, declarations and protestations, but over the waters there is a class far more numerous, scattered over an immense region of country, through which she has travelled, and there her conquests!—I despair even in attempting their enumeration. Many of these lovers I am constrained to think are of a different order of beings from the American bipeds, for they are called, some of them, kings or monarchs, and princes, and dukes, and earls, and lords, and such other queer kind of names, which proves very conclusively that they are different from ordinary men—either something more or less than human!

Well, there have been plenty of such as these to swear fealty, but they have all humbled themselves in vain. She'll have none of *them*.

There were some others—Chinese, I think, she called them—a curious kind of people, whose custom it was to build walls about their cities—and, thinking that all the wisdom of the world was centred in themselves, they would not, on any pretence, admit foreigners among them. But somehow Miss Moonshine one night obtained a "pass," probably by presenting her beautiful face before the guardians of the Celestial Empire, (for you know almost any difficult task comes within the range of possibilities to the owner of a pretty face,) and through all that strange land she went, never once saying, "by your leave," and Kate, you may rest assured that there were many, too many, found there who were more than merely desirous to appropriate Beautiful to themselves!

At one time Yong-Tching went down on his knees, and professed to adore her—then a great many years after that the celebrated Kien Leong, a mild and equitable king, gave to her his heart, (which, by the way, our friend lost no time in returning,) and there were very many untitled people who aspired to the honor of her hand, but "the bird of passage" escaped them all heart-whole.

There were some people well educated in all the arts of coquetry, who, from the knowledge purchased with the "penny of observation," fancied that Miss Moonshine's affections were to be *brought*! Bought, I mean, as rich men, ay, and poor men too, (more's the shame,) oftentimes buy their wives!

This is not done, you are aware, as slaves in the Southern States are bought and sold; where the purchaser gives the owner of a valuable human animal so much in payment therefor. You see a lady, destitute of fortune, decked in "jewels fine," with rings, and chains, and bracelets; perhaps, and most probably, they are the gift of her lover. Are they evidences of affection? It may be so, but it is not a noble or a lasting love that prompts the one to give or the other to receive. Kate, you know as well as I, it is too much like buying and selling, and lovers should not be in these

things mere trades-people! The traffic of slave-dealers is just as honorable, and far more honest, than is this bartering of independence and affection, or love, so-called, for tinsel and paste! A man shows as little wisdom as woman does principle who trusts to a constancy which is at first purchased by gew-gaws, fit only for adorning savages!

And so Beautiful thought—if you could only have seen the calm scorn she evinced when she told me of these covert bribes, these fantastic guises which the spirits of trade so often assumed, in dealing with her!

But among the chivalrous yet chameleon-spirited Frenchmen! such oaths of eternal fidelity were never before taken; such sighing, such looks indescribable, such agonies of rapture, never met Beautiful as in that sunny clime. Fortunately our wise friend's wisdom did not desert her in this great emergency. The simultaneous outbreak of admiration, so enthusiastic, was something entirely new to her, but she was far too sensible, and too much given to thought, to entrust her life-happiness to the care of any of those most fickle of all men.

Whenever she chose to appear, and I imagine that was often, Beautiful was queen of fashion, and courted and sought after constantly—but if the blunt, yet earnest and honest admiration of Adam, Noah, and Moses had not moved her, it was not supposable that any of that frivolous people could!

But in Italy! Beautiful acknowledged freely that it was difficult for her to listen to the passionate love-vows of the Italians with indifference. And it is her earnest belief that if any where on the wide earth a heart might momentarily be with reason enchanted with the greatest of delusions that was the very land.

Wandering with the dark-eyed, lofty-spirited Italians beneath a lovely and perfumed sky, discoursing with such companions on the glorious past, and listening to their eloquence, of which, if there is a particle in man, Miss Moonshine knows so well how to draw out, she *could* not stand altogether unmoved in the presence of the great spirit she had aroused and inspired. But if ever a lady knew her proper position and element, surely our dear friend does—the marble palaces of monarchs could not tempt her, and she still continued to "walk the world and bless it" in spite of the reproachful looks that sometimes waited her, and notwithstanding the gloom of the discomfited lovers whom she met at almost every stage of her travels.

Travellers—ladies, as well as gentlemen—usually "give to the world" their experiences abroad, that the stay-at-home-ers as well as the out-goers may be benefitted. Beautiful has never done this, as you know; if we could once get her to the task, Kate, the people would have such a volume of "Pencillings by the Way," or "Records of Travel," or "Holidays Abroad," as was never produced before.

She has visited places to which no letters of recommendation or introduction could have secured her admittance. She has sympathized with the sorrowing stranger, and rejoiced with the happy youth—she has saluted with a loving kiss the cheek

of the fair bride—she has kept watch, when all others slept, by the graves of the lamented, and—the forgotten dead! In festal scenes she has danced with the beautiful and the gay—she has scanned the paths of guilt. She has stood beside the monarch in hours of loneliness, and has seen what few eyes have beheld, how he writhes neath the pressure of his mighty crown. In the secret counsels, in the open courts, in countless homes, in lonely, far-spreading forests, on the Alps, on the Apennines, through the North, through the South, in the deserts, and on the oceans—why Kate, Miss Moonshine *shall* publish her travels! Even in this age of book inditing the record would make a sensation hitherto unheard of!

You remember Phemy's old flame, the poet, Everett—his courtship, of which Beautiful gave me the history, was decidedly rich and amusing.

It appears he was far gone in love, but the grand difficulty was, he had not quite decided the rather important question as to who his "bright particular" was; surrounded by so much of beauty and wit, it was difficult for him to decide at once which one of the many he should give to immortal fame by making her Mrs. Everett. But one night he was alone in a grove, whose sod was well worn by his footsteps, which, from the frequency of his lonely musings there, you know we at last honored by giving it his name.

This evening, when the fairy-like maiden, Beautiful Moonshine, was gliding through the noble elms and oaks, she stood suddenly before the poet in his sanctuary. Great thoughts and marvelous were revelling in his mind, or else the youth was contemplating suicide—for, from his gestures, his intellectuals were without doubt in a most tempestuous state. Such a terrific rolling of the eyes—such a wild tossing of the arms, none but a half-crazed poet () ever indulged in before, certainly.

Any other maiden would have hesitated about appearing in the presence of such a "questionable shape"—but Beautiful, though she saw and heard his ravings long before he perceived her approach, still held on her way, though she knew that for the moment he was little better than a madman.

As a matter of course, when the poet saw Miss Moonshine, the love of his heart, which was struggling so desperately for vent on something, turned to her. The sweet presence acted on him like a charm; the frenzy of eyes and features, the energetic, exhausting action of limb ceased. Oh, but to have seen the sudden change that came over him, Kate, in "the twinkling of an eye"—but to have seen the silly stripling, who was dreaming of fame, or some such folly, fling his precious form on the damp ground, and looking on the stranger lady with such undisguised admiration as she stood before him! and then to have heard him exclaim,

"Ah, loveliest of maidens, stay, stay with me thus, for ever thus! Ah, I am so happy, so happy, when you bless me with your angelic presence! Dearest, how can you have the heart ever to hide yourself from me who am your servant, your slave, who loves you so devotedly, so entirely!"

"More mad words like these, mere madness, friend." Now you know that though Miss Moonshine inspires all the romance in one's nature, and calls it into action, she is herself brimful of—com-

mon sense; and, as might be supposed, this raving of the youth only aroused a smile, while she calmly and rather gravely replied:

"Your pardon, my dear sir; but I assure you I have no desire to thus monopolize your attentions and affections—besides, the servants in my mansion are already numerous; and even if such were not the case, I would not willingly assign to you employments so uncongenial with your tastes as those belonging to a menial must be. Perhaps, however, I can benefit you more substantially.—As for myself, I am averse to employing slaves, but if—"

"Madam," interrupted the youth, who had been listening in amazement as the lady proceeded in this strain, "madam! I am a poet! You judge rightly; I do *not* desire to humble myself as a servant. I spoke figuratively when I expressed the wish that you would employ me as your slave."

"Ah! is it so?" said the lady, gaily; "your pardon again! I am no poet, sir; it would not be well for *us* to love one another. As you will at once perceive we should be mutually incomprehensible." And Beauty tripped lightly away, leaving the "gifted young man" to choose for himself a more congenial companion among the ladies of his acquaintance.

There were gentlemen much more to our friend's liking than the poor poetical geniuses so often

"Unkinged by foolish bread and butter."

Any one of them would have rejoiced to secure her personally, at any price, but unfortunately that was not among the possibles; Moonshine was always their fast friend, but "*only* that, and nothing more.

A cousin of the beautiful and accomplished Miss Undine, of Germany, who lives in great state "within the veil" of Niagara, became desperately enamored of Beauty in this wise. He was a lonely prince, albeit his mansion was magnificent, and his retinue vast, and his power great. There were many sighing ladies, who dreamed of his beauty, who pondered long on the attractive thought of his great wealth; there was not one of them but would gladly have reversed the natural order of things who would have served for him even as Isaac did for Rebecca, nay, who would have undertaken gladly any pilgrimage, either to the dismal regions of the North Pole, or to the deserts of the East, could they in that way have secured to themselves his lordly heart and realm. But all in vain was it, that they came forth from their homes to sit upon the rocks near which he daily promenaded—in vain did they sigh, and sing, and adorn their beautiful redundant tresses; the most perfect mermaid of them all made but vain attempts—the young man remained insensible!

Probably this had not been the case if he had not been a slave to his passion for Miss Moonshine. It was no great mystery that he did so love her, and Beautiful cannot be considered as at all to blame in producing such havoc as she did in the gentleman's mind and affections. For, in the first place, the mischief was all done before she was aware that the prince dwelt in the green palace of Niagara. You know she is decidedly

romantic, and the hours of a clear calm night are those she particularly delights in; and dancing o' nights along the mighty river, even to the very brink of the Falls, and sometimes suspending herself by her fair arms half way down the terrific sheet, was her favorite pastime.

Night after night the young fellow watched these daring feats, and at last he came to dream of her all the day, and all the night too, and if a storm was abroad or any thing occurred to prevent her coming to the islands, he would rave, and fret, and fume, as though he were not a powerful and commanding personage, and she a mere wandering little fairy, the veriest coquette in the world.

But Beauty told me herself that she never even suspected that there was an inhabitant of that realm, till one night she caught a glimpse of the prince through the splendid green and white hangings of his palace. It appears that in that same moment he was devoutly watching her, and when he looked so unceremoniously right into her lovely eyes, she fancied, from his strange movements, that he was trying to speak with her. She thereupon tried her best to hear, but had she been "deaf as an adder," it were not more impossible to have told a word that he said, though he was evidently screaming his declarations, whatever they were, at the top of his voice.

Therefore the lady only shook her head, and by signs conveyed, as best she could, the melancholy assurance that she could not hear a word he said. Poor fellow; one may well imagine his despair, for Moonshine says, that when she was at last obliged to depart without hearing, what, from his gestures, she was compelled to think must be to her a matter of infinite importance, he made one last desperate endeavor, and then fell down apparently lifeless.

How provokingly unaccountable it must appear to him, when, after having, to his ideas, rejected his suit, she comes so often before him, always with that meek and graceful bearing peculiar to her, looking on him so kindly and sympathizingly, as though she were so interested in his welfare!

This youth had an unlimited circle of friends, parents, brothers and sisters; and cousins, uncles, and aunts, whose number was actually legionish. Well, do you believe that all these people had the presumption to fall in love with her, every one.—Many of them even went so far as to offer her fortune, hand, and heart, but of course *they* never proved acceptable. I more than suspect that our friend has very little faith in the efficacy of the "water cure" in cases of diseased or affected hearts, and as to wedding or even seriously loving any one of the progenitors of a humbug so extraordinary, she was far beyond all danger of such folly.

There was an old spirit who lived in a certain forest not a thousand miles from the one well known to us, which has been the scene of many a *fete champetre*. You remember, Kate, the giant old oaks that stood by the brook, where we gathered so many "ministers in the pulpit," and took them to task about their many delinquencies, telling them our minds so very freely.

It happened that the spirit living in that place took a wonderful fancy to our friend; and because

she came to him so often, laying her head so lovingly on his knee, and smiling so kindly upon him, just as though she were a child and he her father, he who knew nothing whatever about paternal affection, had the audacious folly to believe that she was really in love with him. And so the toothless old man began to put on airs and plume himself on his majestic appearance; then he chattered and muttered away, after a fashion, (spirit-fashion understand,) about eternal constancy, deathless devotion, and so forth, and of course all Miss Moonshine could do was to laugh; and that was all the answer she gave him—just a laugh—and a kiss! But if she utterly refused to be "a young man's slave," it was by no means certain that she would become "an old man's darling," even though she came night after night to visit him, just as she always had before such a ridiculous fancy entered his head. She would sit upon his knee and fling her beautiful arms about his neck, and smile in his wrinkled old face—he could not understand it, and yet all the answer she ever gave, when he would sometimes persist in touching on love matters, was to kiss his furrowed cheek and still smile on him.

She loved him!—yes, or she would never have borne with his folly, and she could not bear to give him up, her dear father, as she called him. And for the very reason that he was old, and had few friends, she wisely determined to pay no attention to his folly, but to be kind and affectionate and daughter-like, as always. True, as your common sense will suggest to you, had Beautiful been a less spiritual maiden, it had been hardly proper in her to give so much encouragement to the attentions of one whom she regarded only as a friend. If any one of our village belles, for instance, had so demeaned herself, we should scarcely have let her pass without informing her of our opinion on such matters, would we, Kate?

There was one personage, whose attentions I have always from my heart wondered that our rather coquettish friend could reject!

He was an humble individual, to be sure—unheard of, unknown, perhaps, a mile from his dwelling place, but, oh, he was a person of such exquisite taste and refinement—he was so purely and spiritually beautiful—in every respect he was so far superior to the majority of the young lady's suitors, that it does seem a mystery how she could ever have had the heart to say to him "nay." I know if such an one made *me* an offer—ahem!

The gentleman lived in the tropical climes, far out in the sea, and such a home as was his! Its pearly walls were rainbow-hued, bright tints, and the softest, loveliest colors sweetly interposed. It was built in oriental style, with many beautiful turrets, like a castle of the olden time—you could scarcely conceive of a more desirable residence than this small, but exquisite palace.

Every night the master of the regal abode, in his floating mansion, pacing its balconies, would sing the most melodious strains, such as were worthy even of Miss Moonshine's praise, and she would listen kindly to them; and even went so far in her friendliness as to aid, with her womanly taste, to refine and make even more elegant some of his household arrangements, until it became the

verification of her own ideal of perfection. But to all his many protestations of attachment she was apparently unconscious; a look, unmistakably expressive of surprise or of entreaty, that, on that subject, he would be silent, was all the answer she ever gave.

Now it strikes me, friend, that it would be well if all women could be educated in that same school where Beauty Moonshine learned her alphabet. Far better would it be for them, for the world at large infinitely better. She knows what friendship means perfectly well. It is not with her as with us, a very pretty and sounding word, to be used as occasion requires, but of no more real meaning and use than a dead language is to a beggar. And by love she understood something quite different from the general or popular acceptance of the word. The eternal "if" and "but" were words not to be found in her dictionary.—Between ourselves, if we could only, under some pretext, borrow the text-books of Beauty, we might, after some close application, indulge in the hope of being of some use in our generation. To this end I have often besought the great favor of her, but invariably she replies, "I studied of Nature; she was my teacher—I never had any other; you must go to her." What could she have meant? Who, or what, *is* Nature? where shall we go to find her? I am afraid she is dead; but perhaps she is not—we will hope so, because the decease of illustrious persons is almost always chronicled in the papers, and so perhaps we shall find her out yet. I mean to try. For if Beautiful speaks truth, and we never have had reason to doubt her word, Nature must be an incomparable teacher. Never did I hear one slanderous or evil word that she had given utterance to; and what neighbor did she ever malign? whose feelings did she ever intentionally wound? whose misfortune did she ever rejoice in? whose ill-success in an honest and worthy endeavor ever raised a smile of derision on her heaven-lighted face? Kate, we women must confess that Miss Moonshine is verily and indeed a pattern lady!

Reigning belles usually have enemies, but I do not know that Beautiful has one. That is somewhat strange, is it not? for the heroes of "rejected addresses" are not always the most sparing, when smarting with unavailing, hopeless love-wounds! The most singular of all is, how many friends among womankind she has; from beauty-loving wee things, like your 'Bell, to the very oldest grandam, I'm confident there's not a living human feminine but really loves her.

She brings so pleasantly to the recollection of gray-headed ancients the days of their youth—the comforts and joys of childhood, and the nobler and more satisfying pleasures of later years. She has for every mortal such cheering words and messages—her voice is so melodious when she comes and sits familiarly in the house, and asks the friendliest questions, plainly showing her deep interest in your welfare. Then what beautiful dreams she makes one cherish. Oh, many an hour of the most dreary loneliness has she enlivened—many a cloud of terrible darkness has her mild light dispersed, that can I solemnly assert from my own personal experience. Hosts of peo-

ple, struggling under the most adverse fortunes, at her word, have, for an hour, dwelt in Paradise, forgetful of misfortune, and sorrow, and want.

And young people!—ye groves of "Arcadian beauty," ye cottages where Cupid *was to be* enthroned, ye verandahs, ye loveliest vines and flowers—fountains and murmuring streams—ah, Miss Moonshine! you have proved yourself a very shadowy shade indeed to many a poor mortal whom matrimony has vested with power to rise up and call you a deceiving and *delusive* friend!

Yet one can scarcely refrain from blessing Miss Moonshine; does she not give us the beautifullest power in the world, the power to dream! What singular thoughts enter one's head invariably when she is nigh! The weakest and the most inefficient aspirant will walk straight up the ladder of Fame with the most trifling effort conceivable, and from the heights of renown will gaze unabashed on the awe-struck and wondering multitude. The friendless orphan will surround herself with hosts of friends, with loves and affections sufficient to satisfy the cravings of even her desolate heart; the poor, tired, disconsolate servant, "maid of all work," *the free-born slave*, is, for her hour, a beauteous lady decked in "jewels fine," waited upon in turn, beloved, looked up to, honored!

Pardon! pardon! here with all my gossiping propensities unimpeded, I forget myself—I keep you in suspense when you are longing to reach the end of the page, and so learn who, after all, Miss Moonshine has really accepted as her lord and master.

After all I have said, and all you yourself know of her, I scarcely need say there is no one on earth whom she intends honoring with her hand—because, were such a thing possible, she had not been so many thousand years in coming to some decision, she would have chosen long ago one of the myriads who have always been found worshipping at her feet, for in many of her suitors there was nothing whatever objectionable.

If you should "try and try," darling, I scarcely think you would ever guess who *the one is*, yet you will at once perceive how entirely apropos the union is; for even the eldest son of that proudest and most aristocratic of all races, the family of Sunbeams, cannot consider that he is lowering himself by uniting with the daughter of the Queen of Night!

Prince Heavenly Sunbeam and Miss Beautiful Moonshine! I never in my life heard of a match so excellently proper. It *must* have been made in heaven certainly. In regard to age, they are a perfect match, and *never* was such exquisite beauty and loveliness united before.

Our friend always reminds me of one, a maiden, I have known, (though *not* in my dreams,) who has the sweetest eyes, for ever running over with the most tranquil light, and then her voice is so soft, so touchingly musical, and she is so perfectly and constantly graceful, that it has always seemed to me as though she must be some relative of Moonshine, and by some secret but natural bond, I am confident they are nearly allied to each other.

Prince Sunbeam, let me whisper this part of the story, is a very proud gentleman, as I said before;

as proud as Beautiful is affable and condescending. We never must hope to be friends so familiar with him as we have been with her—and somehow husbands exert sometimes such an influence over their wives, that I have some fears about our future friendships.

The prince is proud, not only of his high station and great riches, and his vast dominions over which he is absolute monarch, but also of his great personal beauty and exceeding brilliancy of style and manner.

What a union! I must repeat. Both all smiles and joy—both superlatively excellent and possessed of the most varied and perfect attractions, yet bearing no nearer resemblance to one another than does light to darkness.

It is not very honorable to divulge the secrets of friends, but I *must* tell you what Beautiful whispered to me last night.

Here I sat in this great barn of a room, whose walls (if such things *do really* have ears) might bear witness to many a "talk" we have held between ourselves, many a strange, many a glad, many a sorrowful talk, my friend!

There was not a sound out of doors of life stirring. "The bird was quiet and so was the bee;" men, women and children were all asleep, at least invisible. I sat by the window, looking dreamily on the uninteresting row of buildings to the opposite, the old red Phoenix range—the book stores, milliner shops, bakery, and Hall, (and when I looked on *that* edifice you may be certain I thanked heaven that mortal strength is not immortal, for in that case I should certainly go mad listening to the New Jerusalem songs which of late perpetually exude therefrom!) Listlessly and dreamily I was gazing on all these objects, thinking of some strange things you and I wot of, when, quite unexpectedly, the sweetest lady in all the world, and, of course, that is Miss Moonshine, came into my room—a moment she stood still, and then, with inquiring look, came up and stood beside me. Laying her soft hand on my forehead, she said, looking me right in the eyes:

"You are ill?"

"Yes—a dreadful head-ache," I answered.

"You cannot hope to sleep then; I will sit by you for a little."

"You have been abroad for the past month, have you not, my Beauty? I am right glad to see you again!"

"Yes, I have been travelling, and, oh, such adventures!"

"As what, pray?" asked I, with considerable interest.

"Oh, never mind to-night—some other time I can tell you just as well—with that head-ache you could not appreciate."

"Try me and see," I exclaimed, with all curiosity.

"Very well—to begin: did Mr. Telegraph Meteor bring you the message I sent two or three days ago from the region of the Milky Way?"

"Mr. Telegraph Meteor!" I repeated, with amazement. "No! I never even heard of such a man. Pray, who is he, and what message did you send by him?"

"Dear! dear!" exclaimed she; "how provok-

ing! What will become of me? Why, that letter contained two or three important State secrets, besides one more important than all the rest of my own."

"State secrets! your secret! In the name of all things wonderful, go on; let me hear what is to come next, at once."

"But the letter—the letter! What could have become of it?"

"Who is this Mr. Telegraph?" said I, when Beauty grew a little more composed. "I never heard of him before."

"A young rogue, I suspect—he offered to convey letters for me wherever I chose to send them with the velocity of thought. I am well served for supposing, even for a moment, that such a thing was possible."

"But since the letter is gone, and I fear beyond all recovery, may I not know from yourself what great secrets it was charged with?"

For a moment Beautiful looked searchingly on me, and then said, carelessly, "Oh, it was only some friendly gossip about the people at the North Pole, and something about the wonderful Orion, with his far-famed sword, that I thought you might like to hear,—about my regaling myself with drinking real nectar from the Great Dipper, and of a visit I paid to the Great Bear. Don't tremble so, he was fast chained, and there was not a particle of danger."

"Tremble? not a bit of it! I only wish that I could have been with you. But, Beautiful, these are not your *secrets*—the whole world might know of these travels of yours, I am sure."

Moonshine looked down and sighed, and notwithstanding the centuries had embraced her, and the year 1 saw her baptism, she did a true maidenly thing—she blushed, as she said:

"You women of earth have quite as much curiosity as is needful—you are true daughters of Mrs. Eve."

"That is a very lame speech Miss Moonshine, it halted at every step!"

"Well, well, the secret is just this; there is no reason I suppose why I should not speak it, as well as write—I am going to be married."

Kate, I was bewildered. Like one in a dream I repeated, "married, married, Beautiful Moonshine going to be married," and at last out gushed the words, "who with? quick—quick—tell me quick!"

"Prince Heavenly Sunbeam!"

"Heavenly goodness defend us all then," I exclaimed. What can be done? marry him!—Why then we may as well embrace and part at once, for if you wed him we shall

"Never, no never, see our love no more!"

trust me—you will never be heard of as an independent individual again. Beauty, it is better to be single than to sink into a hopeless and helpless nonentity, as you will—totally obscured by your husband's greatness. A prince! and of all things Prince Sunbeam! Oh, Beautiful, Beautiful! how can you?"

"Hush! you are raving more like a mad creature, than circumstances require. Have I not lived alone long enough! Let me see. Accord-

ing to your mode of counting time, since the christian era I have lived eighteen hundred and forty-nine years, and all alone! I begin to think it would be better for me to have a settled home of my own. It is not the pleasantest thing in the world, I assure you, for one of my years to go roving about with little rest for the sole of my foot, as did Cain and Ishmael. The prince has people enough who can more than fill my place, and for my part I am wearied out by the continual and senseless declarations of these earth-men—they should know better than to think I can ever be other to them than just Miss Moonshine—but of one thing you need not be afraid—there is no danger, not the least, that I shall lose my identity."

"You need not argue," I said with a sigh, "I perceive you are really in love, and when things come to that pass, there is no use in a third person's interference, and their regrets are unasked, and always unwished."

"You are not angry, friend?"

"Yes, but I am," I cried, bursting into tears, "I am angry. Have we not few friends enough now, and not one like you, dear, sweet Beautiful! and I for one have no desire to see your beauty eclipsed by that of another, a proud and powerful creature, who is very like to prove a tyrant."

"Pray do not talk so, or I shall be angry in turn. I assure you there never was a better or a kinder friend, or prince, than mine. You need be under no apprehensions, as to my future. And I rather think, even if he should ever attempt such a thing, that it would be a difficult matter for him to sever *all* the ties that bind me to earthly friends."

"Will you come to us often? Will you ever forget us? Oh, how we shall miss you!"

"I shall never forget—I will come often! and if there is a brighter crown to take the place of this simple string of pearls, you will not love me the less, will you? And I shall not be so changed, but you will recognize me. Can it be that you will regret to see a happier smile on the lip of an orphan? No, you will certainly rejoice that she has found a friend more near and dear than any earth friend could be. And I have some curiosity in my composition too—are you not glad if all I have will be gratified? for I shall visit new scenes and travel in new climes as Princess of the Day."

Striving to be perfectly resigned to what was inevitable, I managed to propound one question more, "Fair lady, how long ere the fatal knot is to be tied?"

Kate, I've heard of "hope deferred" making the "heart sick," and have known instances where such climax was like to prove true, but you would begin to believe it all to be a sham kind of misery, and a make-believe sort of distress, could you have seen Beautiful smile, when, as the "cock crew," she arose to depart, and said, throwing her arms about my neck:

"I cannot tell, but not immediately; according to your mode of computing time, you would say a long, long time must pass before the day. The knot, as you call it, will be tied in a land far from this, my love, and in what is now called the cold and cheerless northland our honey moon will pass. No longer cold and gloomy then! from that day of our union, a new and a glorious era will dawn on the world—cold words will never more find utterance, and cold hearts will glow with kindness, and charity, and happiness. From that day there will be a general reign of love over the earth. My prince has promised it—you will no longer weep over my bethrothal then."

Kate, Kate, her words are haunting me incessantly. When *will* that time come? As Beautiful has set her heart, like so many other foolish maidens, on getting married, we may as well do all we can in hastening the preparation for the ceremonial, for if a thing unpleasing must be done, we shall gain credit always by submitting quietly with as good grace as possible.

Oh you sarcastic, doubting little puss! what do you say?

"—Next day after never
When two Sundays meet together?"

No such thing—don't trust always so conceitedly to that superior wisdom of yours. As true as fate, Beautiful Moonshine will marry his Highness, Prince Heavenly Sunbeam, and you may as well begin making preparations for accompanying me to the North Pole, or you will lose the honorable opportunity of being first bridesmaid on the great occasion.

Adieu, mon ami, and *forever*, if you say you will not come quickly!

**THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MONOMANIAC;
OR THE
VERITABLE HISTORY AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF JAMES TODDLEBAR.**

COMPRISING THE WHOLE OF HIS EXTENSIVE CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE LITERATI OF THE NEW AND
OLD WORLD, WITH REMARKS UPON AUTOGRAPHICAL DECIMATION OF PERSONAL CHARACTER.
FROM ORIGINAL MSS. NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE TODDLEBAR FAMILY.

EDITED BY JOE BOTTOM, ESQ.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER XVII.

I ARRIVED in New Orleans, after a long and tedious journey through the low-lands of Florida, and the broken piney hills of Louisiana. I took lodgings at the St. Charles, a magnificent hotel, erected by the American citizens, in opposition to the St. Louis Exchange, a building of immense magnitude, built by the French population of the city. New Orleans may well be proud of such hotels—either of them, in grandeur or design, far surpassing the Astor House of New York.

The day that I arrived there, it rained, and it rained, and it seemed as if it never would stop.—It came tumbling from the skies in many a merry fit, clattering upon the roofs of the houses like the distant trample of horse's hoofs. I could not go out, for the rain came down in torrents, deluging the streets with water, struggling through the spouts, as the overflowing rivers came tumbling down from the roofs of the houses. In my room I listened to the rain as it fell on the casement and pattered against the window panes. What thoughts, immured as I was in my room, came upon the heart, unbidden, it was impossible to tell, for they were vague and indistinct, and clouded with too much of sorrow. Something pressed against my soul with feverish anxiety, and I felt that I was alone—alone in the great world, without one sympathizing heart to approach and bid me welcome. The voices of the mad multitude without rung upon my ears, even above the din of the clattering rain-drops. This phrenzied throng, with pulsations quickened in the abrasion of life, and with their souls stirred up to disappointments and hopes, were jostling each other and overcoming each other in trade, trade, trade. It was not the rich silks of the East, nor amber from the shrine of the sun, about which they were talking, but it was cotton bales and hogsheads of sugar. These articles engrossed their attention, and seemed to have a voice sweeter than the affluence of thought clothed in the burning words of eloquence.

Every thing was swallowed up in trade, trade, trade. For this, the dearest sympathies of our nature were cut asunder, and every sweet emotion of the senses fell back upon the heart, to be withered, crushed and consumed. Love was sold for a price, and affections bartered for houses and lands. For this the husband became the leman to the wife's dishonor, and for this mothers pandered to their daughters' disgrace. Every thing was turned upside down, and the great Babel

spewed up its wickedness, to swallow it again, like the dog his vomit.

Those kindly feelings, through which rivers of affection flowed, like the burning sands which drink up the waters of the earth, perished in the vortex of trade, trade, trade. Hurrying to and fro—seeking the bubble that will yet burst in the grasp—and there is no madness like this—death comes along like the mower with his scythe, and reaps the fruits of the earth.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The morbid sensibilities of Mr. Toddlebar's nature seemed to have been greatly disturbed at his first sight of the doings of the people of New Orleans.—The city is truly a commercial one, and the individual who goes there, expecting to find that quietness so characteristic of inland towns, will certainly be disappointed. The social feeling, and every thing connected with man's best nature, is completely absorbed in the general rush of business. No one goes there to live—to make it his home—but to make money; and when this is accomplished, like the migratory bird, he leaves the place for his old home.)

The second morning after my arrival in the city, I left my room for the first time, to see what was to be seen, and to hear what was going on. Instead of having above my head a sky obscured by clouds, and the rain pouring down in torrents, I had a cloudless sky, with a bright sun beaming from his azure throne above. A balmy wind, pregnant with the odors of orange blossoms, fanned my cheeks and ruffled the raven locks upon my brow. How beautiful was nature—oh! how beautiful. The rains of the previous day had washed the streets, and every thing wore a new aspect and looked charming in my sight. The bird twittered in the orange groves, and the little sail boat, as she scudded along the river, dipped her prow in the upheaving wave. I felt a new man, for the feeling of yesterday had passed away, and with a joyous heart I was in love with every thing around. How could I help it? Was I not in the city of my beloved? and had I not slept, perhaps, in the very house where Susan Wilson had slept? Certainly this was enough to make me joyous—to make me mad with joy, and to make me hope on, and to hope for ever.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It is singular and strangely wonderful, that in such a short time, such a change could have been wrought in the feelings of any one. That revulsion of feeling is unaccountable—unexplained in the moral economy of our nature. To-day sunk down in the lowest depths of misery—in the very putrescence of its slough,—and on to-morrow revelling in the charms of a joyous sympathy with nature.)

It was along Canal street that I took my way, wondering at the many things I saw, and at none

more than at the beautiful trees which encompassed me on either side. Right before me was a woman walking, dressed in the deep habiliments of mourning. Her step was a proud one—and although sorrow had cast her mourning weeds around her, there was an airy lightness in her step, which spoke of a heart of gladness. Her form was a noble one—and she walked in her beauty, as if she was proud of the light of heaven. Something whispered at my heart that she was one in whom I had an interest. There is something in our natures so laden with prophetic sympathies and electric fires, that two hearts of kindred desires are drawn together by hooks of steel, although they are far distant and separated. There is an attraction that brings them together—a polar influence to the magnet—that they cannot avoid, and over which the will has no control.

I hastened my footsteps and approached the woman, but she heeded not my presence, and she knew not that I was beside her, for her thoughts were far away, and other subjects engrossed her mind. A black veil covered her face; and as she went along, she turned neither to the right nor to the left, nor gave any intimation, by sign or otherwise, that she heeded my presence—but straight on she walked, with no sound in my ear but her light footsteps pattering on the pavement below. I took her by the hand, and I pressed it in the fervency of love—and as I did it she raised a single corner of the veil, and my eyes beheld my long lost, but now found, Mary Toulmine.

* * * * *

Two weeks afterwards, and she had promised again to be mine—mine, and for ever. Her tale was a long one, and her sufferings had been great. She told me all, and as she leaned her head upon my bosom, I wiped the tear from her eye, and in my fondness kissed her with the affection of a first love. In her, my old time love had come back, and over the entire past the mantle of oblivion had been thrown.

On that river of death—the Rio Grande—where so many of our soldiers sleep, her husband died and was buried. As a soldier in our army of invasion, he assisted to win the battles of Palo Alto and Palma de la Resaca, and then died with fever at Camargo. Terrible was her anguish when she first heard the news; but time had restored her to her wonted cheerfulness—and in losing her first husband she had found a more loving one in me.

More than two months had passed away since I first came to the city, and every thing had been arranged that was necessary to my leaving it. It was a cloudless eve in June—and on to-morrow we were to leave, in the steamer Palmetto, for Galveston—that, for the last time, I went to the post-office to inquire for letters. I received a dozen, and among them was one for Mary Toulmine, post-marked "San Luis Potosi, Mexico." I did not like the looks of this letter, for my heart told me that there was something in its very appearance ominous of evil. Oh! if her husband was still alive, what would we do? The very thought was wormwood to my anguished spirit. Among my letters, as I hastened from the post-office, I discovered one in the hand-writing of

Susan Wilson. I broke it open, and read as follows, to wit:

NEW ORLEANS, June 4, 18—.

DEAR SIR,—Every thing which has transpired in the city, in relation to yourself, since you have been here, I have watched with the eyes of a baselisk. You need not think to escape me! No! no! no! Your assignation with the widow Toulmine has placed you in a position at once shameful and ridiculous. How can you hope to escape the ridicule of a whole world, and the scorn of every virtuous bosom, is more than I can see. If you fly to the uttermost parts of the earth I will haunt you there—and if you remain here my presence will ever be around you—to torment you.

I love you—but I had sooner wed the toad than to be connected with you in wedlock. You have blasted my affections, and out of them hope can never spring again. Every thing is dead within me, save one solitary feeling, and that is, deep hatred against you. Beware of a woman's revenge! The poisonous coil of the serpent is not more dangerous, and its deadly fangs not more fatal.

I have sworn that you will never be blessed with the love of Mary Toulmine—I have sworn it, and the oath is registered in heaven! Marry her then if you dare! As the mistletoe, on the green boughs of the oak, robbing them of life, the blight of my touch will wither up your heart. Try the experiment, and see whether or not I tell the truth.—Fate is against you—your destiny is fixed—your life is in my hands.

The warning may come too late, or you may not heed it, and sorrow will then be your portion.

It is your intention to leave to-morrow for Galveston—but I will frustrate your intention. You cannot leave! I have the power to prevent you, and the will to do it. Beware then of woman's revenge—for it is a terrible thing.

SUSAN WILSON.

The above letter, threatening as it was, made but little impression on my heart. I did not fear her threats, for I had had too much of experience with woman to believe that Susan Wilson intended any thing very serious. She was disappointed—*piqued* in some tender place, with wounded pride—and this was the whole secret of her *much ado* about nothing.

It was the other letter that I feared—the one from Mexico to Mary Toulmine. What if it should be from her husband?—and he still alive! It was with a trembling heart that I carried the letter to Mary. As she received it I saw her countenance change. It was with difficulty that she could break the seal—for she trembled as a leaf in the shivering blast. At last she opened it, and after glancing at the contents a moment, with uplifted hands and a loud shriek, she fell backwards on the floor. After raising her from the floor, and placing her on the sofa, I picked up the letter, and read the following words, to wit:

SAN LUIS POTOSI, March, 184—.

MY DEAR WIFE,—After an imprisonment of more than six months I have been released from

the dungeons of Perote, and am this far on my way home. The Treaty of Peace that has lately been signed by the Mexican and American Commissioners, at the City of Mexico, has been the means of restoring once more to liberty many an American citizen. God grant that I may live to get home—and when I do, that I may find you alive and well.

I have had a hard time of it,—but through the dim vista of the future methinks I yet see much of happiness in store for me.

An accident of no great seriousness in its nature happened to me a few day ago, which has been the cause of my detention at this place. In the course of eight or ten days I shall leave this place for Tampico, and after getting there will take the first vessel which sails for New Orleans. Until then, believe that I am ever your affectionate husband,

ROBERT TOULMINE.

This letter was enough to drive a saint mad,—but I endured it with the manly fortitude of a martyr. Not so did Mary Toulmine—for she took her bed and seemed inconsolable. Whether her sorrow was caused by grief or joy I have never known. It is probable, however, that it was both—that she was glad that her quondam husband had not died as had been reported, and sorry that she had to part with her new one. I gave her her choice, either to stay and await the return of her old husband from Mexico, or leave with me on the Palmetto for Galveston. She refused to decide, and left the whole matter to myself for a decision. I loved the woman—but I was not selfish—and so I decided in favor of her first husband. We had lived together pleasantly and joyously for a whole week, without one word of unkindness spoken on either side.

In this matter I was governed by what I believed to be correct principles—principles based on the unerring rules of justice. Had I been more selfish, and less disposed to do right to others, I could have persuaded the woman off with me, but my conscience would not let me do it. The poor soldier who had endured privation abroad—privation in the service of his country, I could not bear to see returning home and find his hearth-stone cheerless and solitary. To see the vacant chair, whereon his wife use to sit, was more than I could stand, even in imagination—then, oh! then, how could the poor and wearied soldier, returning from his country's service, bear such a disappointment? It was terrible to think upon, but then how heart-rending it would have been in realization!

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Mr. Toddlebar is entitled to much credit in the noble manner in which the rights of another was recognized in the adjudication of the question.—Nothing like selfishness seemed to have influenced him in the matter; but he seemed to have acted with an eye singly to the happiness of her first husband. This was magnanimous in him, truly noble and above all praise.)

I loved that woman with a deep and fervent love, for she was a sweet creature. It was hard to give her up, and what could I do but consign her to the one, who, legally, had the best right to her. Perhaps I regretted her husband had not died, and mourned that he was alive. It was cruel

in him to disappoint us so, but as he had not intended it, I forgave him the wrong. She had forgotten his death, after mourning for him a year—she had forgotten it all in a new love to a new husband. To receive him then was like receiving one from the dead—one rising from the dead that had been long buried. How could she embrace such a one?—one that she had so long looked upon as dead! The imagination would ever picture to her dreams that she was sleeping with a corpse. Oh! how horrible is the idea to have one by our side in our midnight slumbers—close by our side, who, in our imagination, had so long dwelt in the grave. In our midnight dreams to clasp the cold and clammy hand, and to awake with a start that we have slept beside a putrescent body! The thought has nothing in it but anguish and remorse! Oh! how horrible!

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Is it not singular that the morbid imagination of Mr. Toddlebar should impress such an idea on his brain? I can scarcely see how it is possible for the senses to be so deceived, as to believe in a thing which ocular demonstration knows to be false. This strange hallucination is in keeping, however, with almost all of his previous actions.)

It was late at night when I left the room of Mary. She was calm, but it was the calmness of despair. Her hopes had perished, perished, perished—never to dawn again. Through the vista of the long future she saw no star shining, for the mildew was on her heart, and the fever in her brain. Oh! how terrible was her lot, with her hopes blasted, crushed and withered.

By the sofa where she was reclining I sat on a chair by her side. Her eyes were not moist, for the last tear had fallen that the brain would ever again unloose. Her face was pale as any lily—and the lips, as they quivered over her white teeth, seemed blue with the anguish of her spirit. I clasped her hand, and it was cold as death—and I touched her lips with mine, and they too were cold—cold as marble—and I pressed her hand in mine, and whispered in her ear, "good-bye!" and then left the room for ever!

It was morning—morning in New Orleans—and perhaps it might have been morning in some other place, too—but of this I knew nothing—of this I cared nothing. It was an eternal now with me, for every thing had emerged into the PRESENT—the dreadful PRESENT had absorbed every thing. I was about leaving the city—the city where my heart was. I passed the house where my Mary lived, and every thing within it was silent as the grave. No noise was heard, not a footstep echoed along the silent corridors. Oh! how dreadful was this silence! The windows were all closed, and the foot-mat was before the door, in the very place where I had left it on the previous night. I stopped—oh! how could I leave the place so dedicated to devotion and love, without once more gazing on the hallowed precincts? I thought that I heard a footstep moving along the middle corridor of the antique building—and I listened—but my ears had deceived me, for no sound disturbed the silence of the place. With a tear in my eye, and one long lingering gaze on the house which held all that was dear to me and love, I rushed

from the hoary building, and no one ever again saw me on that hallowed spot.

CHAPTER XVIII.

T. BABINGTON MACAULAY, the historian and poet, the orator and the critic, with all of the courtesy due to a fellow mortal, from a great mind, had honored me with a letter. It was a welcome guest—showing that there was no bitterness in a great mind—that there was no false pride, and that the man of high intellectual attainments had a heart open to human sympathies. How often it is that the little *scrub*—that little *tom-tit* of humanity, with his thousands of acres of land, and his rich coffers filled with gold, refuses to exercise towards a brother those amenities of manners so full of kindness and sufferance, when the great big soul, with a heart as large as a mountain, but without a dollar in his purse, shrieks, appalled from the touch of so much *littleness*.

Macaulay is one of nature's true nobility! Gifted in no ordinary degree with high intellectual qualities, his moral nature and social feelings are not the subjects of low conventional asperities.—Man is a man, no matter in what condition of life he is found—and no adventitious aid or meritricious adornment can ennoble him if he has not, in the very core of his heart, generosity and magnanimity. It is these, and these alone, that exalt the individual, and without these qualities man sinks to the level of a brute. Rich lands and noble tenements, with costly silks and fine raiment, make not the man. Greatness is independent of all adventitious aid. The great qualities of our nature is in the heart, and as the brain showers her golden fruit on the earth, the very instinct of its life is received from the heart. No matter what splendid gifts a man may have, nor how highly intellectually he may be endowed by nature,

he is only entitled to respect in the direct ratio in which the good qualities of the heart confer blessings upon others.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The estimate in which Mr. Toddlebar seems to hold Mr. Macaulay is founded, in my humble opinion, on an erroneous impression of his true character. There is nothing in the writings of Macaulay to raise man from his fallen condition, nor no moral precepts blessing him with their truths. Every thing is intellectually cold—every thing is coldly intellectual, sparkling and bright. In his writings there are no new truths evolved—no new systems developed, for all is coldly bright and brightly cold. With all that is of Grecian myth—and all that is of Roman lore, his mind is tinctured and stored—for his soul has drank deeply at the *antique vase*—but he has gathered no rich fruits from the vale of Tempe, sprinkled with the dew-drops of Castalia. With a splendid diction, and but little affluence of thought, he enchains the reader with these sparkling gewgaws, without once reforming the soul with her unfathomed principles of truth. Macaulay is not a great teacher, like Moses or Mahomet, or even Carlyle—but he has splendid talents, and if Nature had done a little more for him he would have been a man of GENIUS.)

EDINBURGH, June 2, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—Your kind letter of March 25th followed me from London to this place, and it is but this moment I have received it. I thank you a thousand times for the kindly tones of your letter, and for the good will you express for me and mine.

The "Lays of Ancient Rome" are but trifles in their nature, and were composed in hours of relaxation from more arduous studies. That they have awakened in your heart a sympathy for the distant author is the best evidence of your own generous emotions, and the highest proof one can have that he has not written in vain.

I am at this time busily engaged on my History of England from the accession of James the Second. When it is published, should I have an opportunity of sending you a copy, I will have a pleasure in doing it.

Accept my best wishes for your future prosperity and happiness, and believe, dear sir, that I am

Yours, truly,

T. B. Macaulay

The chirography of Mr. Macaulay is decidedly a bad one. It is *sprawling*, and there is nothing of the *picturesque* to redeem it from that tasteless formation. No man of Mr. Macaulay's great genius, without some *modifying* circumstances in his life, about which the world knows nothing, could write such a hand as he does. It has been changed, and greatly changed—so much so indeed that every *idiosyncratic* peculiarity of his mind has been lost in those controlling circumstances.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The truth is that no man of Mr. Macaulay's talent could write a hand, in any great respect, different from the one he does. Mr. Toddlebar is altogether mistaken in his estimate of the character of his hand-writing. The chirography is not in every respect a good one—but then, without taste, it has much of vigor in its style.)

William T. Haskell, Colonel of the Second Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers in our army

of invasion in Mexico, was the next to honor me with an *autograph* letter. It was welcome on several accounts—welcome, because it was from one with whom I was personally known, and welcome because it brought me news from many with whom I was personally acquainted and highly esteemed. Col. Haskell is no ordinary man, for he is highly gifted with Nature's choicest endowments. As a poet he has written many beautiful effusions that would do honor to older bards of higher reputations. With noble impulses, and an ardency of feeling that often leads him into the wrong, he has generous aspirations and a good heart at the bottom of all. His errors are errors more of the peculiar organization of his mental temperament than from any design to do wrong. The little *dogs* that have barked at him cannot help their instincts—for it is their nature to do so.

They are mistaken if they think they can rise on his downfall, for the demerit of an individual gives no merit to the slanderer. Their envy of his position entitles them not to his rank in the scale of being.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It gives me pleasure to endorse cordially and cheerfully all the good things which Mr. Toddlebar has been pleased to say about Col. Haskell. I have known him long and intimately, and have a pride in endorsing the truthful sentiments of Mr. Toddlebar's statement. There is a *clique*, composed of *bores* and without brains, who are of the opinion, if they can pull Col. Haskell down, that their fortunes will be made. Mistaken jealousy! If the eagle should die, will the buzzard take his place? True nobility is not the gift of man but of God.)

On his return from the army, Col. Haskell was honored with a seat in Congress, from the district where he resided. Like a tornado he swept every thing before him—for who could withstand his burning eloquence? Opposition was levelled beneath his fiery tread, and pale Envy fell back abashed at his withering glance.

"And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed farewell."

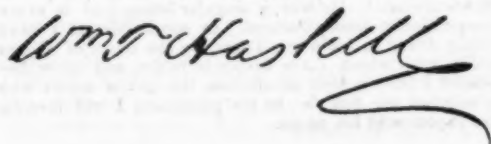
CERRO GORDO, MEXICO, April 25, 1847.

DEAR SIR,—Believing that you would like to hear from me, I have concluded to write you, as I have an opportunity of sending the letter by a train that leaves this afternoon for Vera Cruz.

We have had a great battle at Cerro Gordo, and have whipped the enemy, but with the loss of many valuable lives. Your friends, Lieutenant Ewell and Adjutant Hale, are both among the killed. The death of these two young men will be deeply regretted by every Tennessean. Gen. Scott was present at the death of Ewell, and passed some fine compliments on his bravery.

From this point my Division will proceed to Jalapa, and there await the orders of the General Commandant. The probability is, that, as our time of enlistment expires on the 4th of July, the Second Regiment of Tennessee will be sent home. If so, I will soon have the pleasure of shaking you by the hand.

Sincerely, yours,



The chirography of Col. Haskell is good, but I cannot dwell upon it, for the tidings brought in his letter overwhelmed me with grief. It was heart-rending and sorrowful! Thomas Ewell dead! I could not realize the thing. The noble, and the generous, and the gallant Thomas Ewell dead, was a thing to be told, but not realized! It was even so, however; and with all of my admiration for his character, and love for him personally, I had to submit to the heavy affliction. It was but a few weeks before that he had left me—it seemed but yesterday—to take his place as lieutenant in the "Mounted Riflemen." On the heights of Cerro Gordo he fell, pierced by a hundred bullets, and died in the arms of General Winfield Scott.

It was a noble death, and honored in the report of his commander. Wiley P. Hale, too, gone—the young, the gallant, and the noble! Oh! how keenly did I feel the blow, and how madly did I worship their memory.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Thomas Ewell and Wiley P. Hale were the two most gallant youths that left the State of Tennessee to die in Mexico. General Scott, in his official dispatch after the battle, pronounced the former the "hero of Cerro Gordo." They both had minds gifted above ordinary men, and both were generous, noble and disinterested. It will be a long time before Tennessee again will have the honor of raising two such noble sons.)

L. A. Hine, Esq., is the present editor of the "Western Quarterly Review," at Cincinnati, Ohio. He is a vigorous and forcible writer, with a straightforwardness of purpose that gives to his effusions a manly tone. There is no affectation in any thing he does—all is as open as the day and as tranquil as the night. The Review, of which he is editor, is open and manly in its tone—seeking favor from none, nor withholding justice from any. It is an honor to Western literature, as the talented editor is an honor to it.

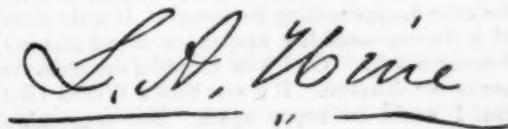
(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Mr. Hine is certainly a vigorous writer, and a gentleman of high order of talents, but I have yet to see any thing in the "Review" to warrant such fulsome praise as Mr. Toddlebar has showered upon it.)

CINCINNATI, Feb. 1845.

DEAR SIR,—Being away myself when your letter of Jan. 17th was received, and my associate being now absent,* I fear it may have passed without answer. Since my return I have been too busy to think of anything but the Journal in the hands of the printers. Your poem, "The Heritage," is printed for the 5th No., which will be out on the 21st of March.

We should be extremely happy to receive the MSS. of which you speak. We are under great obligations to you for past favors, and, if thanks be not too "dull reward," we hope you will continue them. We do not intend paying contributors until the Journal pays; then we shall not be "slack."

Yours, &c.



The chirography of Mr. Hine is an ordinary one, indicating nothing of that force which one finds on reading his writings. That peculiar mental fervor existing in his mind, and that fine taste perceptible in all of his writings, one looks for in vain in his hand-writing.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The truth is, Mr. Toddlebar has quite overlooked the chief merit in Mr. Hine's chirography. It is bold, vigorous and tasty. It is the writing of a manly and vigorous mind—of a mind seeking no adventitious aid or effect from any thing which is meretricious. It is no common hand—and no common man could write it—for it has all of the instincts of greatness about it.)

* Mr. Judson was called away immediately after receiving your last, and I did not get home till ten days after.

I was on the boat and the boat was about leaving. I scarcely saw any thing now in the long prospect in the future to cheer me. In the carnage that swept away so many stout hearts at Cerro Gordo, two of my most intimate friends had been numbered with the dead. The gallant Ewell and the indomitable Hale! It seemed but a few days since I had last seen them—since I had seen their manly forms in full vigor of health and animation. Now alas! they were cold in the chilly arms of death. It was a terrible retribution—and most dearly have I bewailed it. At their deaths the anguish of my heart was more poignant than at the separation from my Mary. Woman's love could be bought again, but friendship never. It is above all price, and far more sacred than the passionate emotions of a woman's heart. For an old love of a woman will spring up in the heart anew, but dead—friendship never. It is a terrible thing to lose one's friend, and most severely have I suffered with this affliction.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—For the life of me I cannot perceive the difference between the friendship of a man and that of a woman. The distinction between them may admit of some doubt, but it will take finer casuists than the most of people are to explain the difference.)

The boat was about starting, the steam was up, and no Susan Wilson had come to cheer me with her presence, or to frown me down by her scorn. Any thing at this time would have been a release to me—any thing would have cheered my woe-begone heart—and have banished from it the terrible conflict that was raging within. But no form darkened my room, to cheer me with its smiles. I felt as if I was alone in the world—banished from all of its joys, and pressed down by all of its cares. Alone! alone! alone!

The sea-gull was floating overhead, and dipping at intervals her beak in the placid waves below. Steamboats and vessels were all around me—some starting away, and others coming in; but I had no pleasure in gazing at them, or listening to the busy hum of the thousand voices on the levee. All around me was bustle and animation—and all within me was conflict and woe.

What form is that, that I see coming through the crowd, approaching the vessel? It is the form of a woman—and her carriage is proud and her bearing is lofty. Oh! how beautiful she seems to me in the distance. If it was Susan Wilson I felt that I would be happy again. She approaches

the boat and she comes upon it, and she asks for Mr. Toddlebar. My heart beats with emotion, and I gaze upon charms more divine than mortal ever did before. She was beautiful—surpassing beautiful—with a voluptuous form, and eyes swimming with a passionate intensity that was rapturous to behold. The captain of the vessel pointed me out to her, and she approached me, and threw herself into my arms.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Mr. Toddlebar must have been the most fortunate of lovers, for he seems to have gathered them up with a facility that no other mortal ever did before or since. No sooner than one was lost, than by his side stood another already to jump into his arms.)

I was happy now—yea, very happy—for who would not be happy in the presence of such a divine creature? Even in my fondest dreams I had never imagined one so beautiful. I danced with joy—and, even in the excess of my happiness, I was full of love.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—According to Mr. Toddlebar's theory of happiness, love is not a portion of it. Agreeably to his own showing, the cause of his happiness was love, but he seems unwilling to acknowledge it. By his parity of reasoning, happiness can exist without love, although love is the cause of its existence. He has often quite a contradictory way of making statements—statements involving the subject in antithesis.)

The first bell had rung for starting—and the passengers were all hurrying on the boat with their baggage. Everything was in confusion and uproar. I had Susan Wilson by the hand—and we were standing together, leaning over the railing of the vessel, watching the waters below as they surged and beat against its side. Some one came along—and just as the second bell had rung—and jostled against her, and threw her overboard. I was too much stupified by terror to cry aloud that a "passenger was overboard," and the boat moved off—and Susan Wilson was drowned. Wo is me! for dreadfully have I suffered!

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The MSS. of Mr. Toddlebar ends at this point very abruptly; and feign would I give the sequel to his momentous and very curious history if I had it in my possession. But as I have it not, I must perforce be silent in all that appertains to the future history of the "Monomaniac." He was a singular being, and in every respect different from all others. In conclusion, as I have a young friend in Jefferson, Texas, by the name of Hiram Tomlin, with whom I am deeply intimate, and for whose character I have a high admiration, the gentle reader who has followed me this far, by his permission I will inscribe these papers with his name.

Joe Bottom

JACKSON, TENNESSEE.)

LINES:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES W. HOLDEN.

WHO DIED IN CALIFORNIA, JUNE 30TH, 1849.

Respectfully Inscribed to W. H. D., Esq.

A requiem for the voiceless! Thine the hand should touch
the chords

Of the soul's majestic organ—but grief finds poor vent in
words.

Too recently thy hand has clasped *his* in a last embrace,
His parting words, his love in thee still claim too dear a
place!

Too dear a place! thou can'st not yet say Heaven's will be
done,

When he has drooped whose earthly race so brightly was
begun;

And I, my hand is weak—but ere the mourning hour is
sped,

I would leave one record sacred to the memory of the dead.

* * * * *

The spring-time saw a stranger's grave made in the southern
wood,

A few sad mourners in the gloom around the low mound
stood;

They wept—with tenderest hands they laid the sod upon his
breast,

Then left him, in the wilderness, to silence and to rest.

In the far Northland loving hearts remembered him that
day,

Fond voices breathed his cherished name, and blessed his
distant way.

Alas! the light which over them so kindly, softly beamed,
Through the thick trees upon *his grave* in solemn sadness
streamed.

The hope that fired his youthful breast had perished in its
pride—

The arm nerved by ambitious thought lay nerveless by his
side—

His voice was hushed—his heart was stilled—his bright eyes
sealed for aye,

All *lost* save the pure deathless soul that heavenward bent
its way!

Thank God! bless God thou sorrowing one, for thy lamented
dead—

Even while thy heart is filled with gloom, and saddest tears
are shed;

He never bent at Mammon's shrine, nor joined in Folly's
train,

Nor tasted of that draught which leaves on youthful souls a
stain!

World honors wreathed not yet his brow—Fame had not
called her son,

But *watching* stood and marked him well, she *would* have
claimed her own—

For strength to do, to be, were his, and time had brought
the hour

When he had spoken to the world with voice of trumpet-
power!

Alas, that voice! ye ne'er will hear its friendly tones
again:

By Sacramento sleepeth he, life calleth him in vain—

He doth not hear the pioneers, swift hasting through the
wood,

They know not who is slumbering there, the youthful and
the good!

The strife for gold runs madly on around him far and near,
He slumbereth still—he slumbereth safe, we have no more to

fear,

God's sky is bending over him—God's earth, it is his bed,
God's heaven has won his spirit—weep no longer for your

dead!

But for the host that through those hills and valleys madly
rush,

In search of treasures which the soul's best aspirations
crush,

For *them* pray, weep! they *need* your prayers, they *need*
your tears, oh, friend,

For whose goeth on such quest, need Angels to defend!

RECREATIONS, SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

It has been said that pleasure, exactly considered, is an advantage, which few if any are willing altogether to forego, and which the most severe philosophy does not deny. It is in one form or other the object of universal pursuit, for without its participation to some extent, life would lose its principal attraction, and mankind would degenerate into the settled gloom of moody melancholy. Relaxation from the severer toils of life is as necessary to human existence, as light is to the physical universe; without its appropriate indulgence all the pleasant things which impart their thousand charms to our social economy, would become at once eclipsed in the darkness of desolation and despair. If it be true that man is the only animal that laughs, it is fair to infer that, by an occasional indulgence of his visible organs, he is but fulfilling a part of his destiny. Very much might be urged in favor of a hearty laugh; it is not only highly exhilarating, but also very infectious, and the doctors tell us it is an excellent help to digestion and health. Shakspeare's advice is not only admissible, but decidedly to be commented, where he says:

"Frame thy mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life."

Who does not prefer a smiling face, indeed, to a frowning one—the jocund Spring to the dark storms of Winter? Somebody has said he would any day sacrifice a good dinner to gaze on a beautiful face; and scarcely any face looks otherwise when lit up with smiles; especially if it be a woman's.

There are some ascetic souls whose lugubrious visages cast dark shadows wherever they go, and whose presence, like the Upas tree, diffuses a deadly poison over all the felicities and gaieties of life. All nations, in all times, have proved by common consent the fallacy of seeking to impose restraints against the necessary recreations of life—the temporary respite from toil; while the stern necessities of our mental and physical constitution have long since invested the usage with the authority of law. D'Israeli has an amusing chapter devoted to the amusements of the learned, from which we shall cite a few facts illustrative of, and introductory to our subject:

"It seems that among the Jesuits it was a standing rule of the order, that after an application to study of two hours, the mind should be unbent by some relaxation, however trifling. When Petavius was engaged upon his '*Dogmata Theologica*,' a work of the most profound erudition, the favorite recreation of the learned father, was at the close of every second hour, to twirl his chair round for five minutes. Agesilaus, it is well known, amused himself and his children by riding on a stick: the great Scipio diverted himself by picking up shells on the sea-shore. Tycho Brahe amused himself with polishing glasses for spectacles and mathematical instruments; and Descartes beguiled himself of his literary labors, like John Evelyn, Pope, Cowper, and many others, in the culture of flow-

ers. The great Samuel Clarke was fond of regaling his logical abstractions by sundry antics, such as leaping over tables and chairs, and the ridiculous pastimes indulged in by the eccentric Dean Swift are doubtless remembered by the reader. Contemplative men seem to have been fond of amusements accordant with their pursuits and habits. The tranquil recreation of angling, has won a preference with many over more boisterous pursuits; since the fascinations imparted to it by the quaint and delightful work of Isaac Walton. Sir Henry Watton styles angling, 'Idle time not idly spent;' to a meditative mind, possibly, it may be so, but we think many a devotee of 'fly fishing,' will be found to have been much more lavishing in his expenditure of time, than is warranted by its results. Paley, it may be remembered, was accustomed to indulge in this pursuit: he had a portrait painted with a rod and line in his hand,—a somewhat singular characteristic for the sage and reverend author of '*Natural Theology*.' There are certain national indications connected with the amusements and relaxations of a people. For example, the French,—unlike ourselves and the English, who toil and tug at business 'from morn to dewy eve,'—spend half their time in their numerous resorts of amusement, and emphatically take it 'coolly;' business of any kind being, with them, rarely an engrossing pursuit.

"The Italian devotes three-fourths of his 'precious time,' to similar follies and fetes; and the Spaniard is 'next of kin' to him in this respect, for they both can scarcely be said to enjoy their leisure, since their life is almost uniformly a state of inertness. The German on the contrary is all the while absorbed in mystic abstractions, and etherializing aloft in the fumes of his meerschaum."

Almost everything else may be lost to a man's history, says Horace Smith, but its sports and pastimes; the diversions of a people being commonly interwoven with some immutable element of the general feeling, or perpetuated by circumstances of climate or locality,—these will frequently survive when every other national peculiarity has worn itself out, and fallen into oblivion. As the minds of children, modified by the forms of society, are pretty much the same in all countries, and at all epochs, there will be found but little variation in their ordinary pastimes,—a remark no less applicable to those nations, which, from their non-advancement in civilization, may be said to have still retained their childhood.

Many of our school-games are known to have existed from the earliest antiquity. The province of the historian seems scarcely to have included the record in detail, of many of the more social enjoyments and domestic sports of olden time: these, although unwritten, still perpetuate themselves by oral transmission. We do not intend to dilate at length upon these, but simply to take a glance at the more prominent diversions and frolics with which society in former times beguiled itself of its sorrows, and the severer duties of life.

We refrain from tracing our subject back to its earliest origin—the pastimes of a rude age—because they would naturally be expected to partake, in no small degree, of the manners and habits, of which they were the reflex. We may infer from our own Indians, that athletic exercises and sports, as well as mimic military manœuvres, and the chase, were among their primitive diversions of mankind. Even down to the days of Elizabeth, the popular pastimes were rude and brutalizing in the extreme; so that we must not venture to inquire very curiously concerning these matters, prior to that age; if we would judge them by the refinement and taste which are characterized by our modern modes of diversion, such as music, the fine arts, drama, and the department of letters.

We pass over therefore allusions to the festivals, games and amusements of the Jews, Greeks and Romans, with their Olympic and Gladiatorial encounters, &c., and present the reader with a rough outline, illustrative of those of the moderns.

Field sports still exist, under certain modifications, as they did under the "Mosaic dispensation:" for we read of Nimrod, "a mighty hunter," and the progenitor of his class. The chase has supplied the theme for more than one of the early classic writers; Xenophon repudiated hunting as well as Solon. By the Roman law, game was never deemed an exclusive privilege, except when extending over private lands, when permission was to be obtained of the proprietor. When Rome became overrun by the Goths and Vandals, they perverted the natural rights to a royal one; a feature it still retains in many European States, the prescriptive right to hunt over certain grounds being vested in the sovereign or those to whom the crown may delegate it. According to Street, Edward the Confessor, though more of a monk than a monarch, "took the greatest delight to follow a pack of swift hounds in pursuit of game, and to cheer them on with his voice."

He was equally pleased with hawking, and every day after divine service he spent his time in one or the other of these favorite pursuits; which indeed were the usual pastimes of the "upper ten thousand" of those rude days. Edward III. was such a devotee to sports of this kind that even during his hostile engagements with France, he could not refrain from the indulgence. While in the French dominions he had with him, according to Froissart, sixty couple of stag-hounds and as many hare-hounds, every day amusing himself at intervals with hunting or hawking. He is said to have kept a princely stud of horses and six hundred dogs for this purpose.

This passion extended itself during the middle ages to the clergy: for Chaucer satirizes the monks for their predilection for the hunter's horn over the "trumpet of the gospel;" and even in later times in England, sporting bishops and vicars have not been wanting to provoke the just indignation of society. Queen Elizabeth used to patronize these sports, with a retinue of her courtly dames and lordly knights, even as late as her seventy-seventh year—at which time it is recorded, "that her majesty was excellently disposed to hunting, for every second day was she to be seen on horseback, continuing the sport for a long time."

There is, it must be confessed, something picturesque in hawking and falconry, at least we think so, judging from the pictures and descriptions which have descended to us. Falconry, according to Smith, in his book on "Games and Festivals," appears to have been carried to great perfection, and to have been extensively pursued in the different countries of Europe about the twelfth century, when it was the favorite amusement, not only of kings and nobles, but of ladies of distinction, and the clergy, who attached themselves to it not less zealously than they had done to hunting, although it was equally included in the prohibitory canons of the church. For several ages no person of rank was represented without the hawk upon his hand, as an indisputable criterion of station and dignity: the bird of prey—no inappropriate emblem of nobility in the feudal ages—was never suffered to be long absent from the wrist. In travelling, visiting, or the transaction of affairs of business, the hawk still remained perched upon the hand, which it stamped with distinction.

A writer of the fifteenth century severely reprobates the indecency of the custom then prevailing of introducing these strange insignia into the churches during divine service. The passage is thus rendered from the German by Barclay:

"Into the church then comes another sotte,
Withouten devotion jetting up and downe
For to be seene, and shewe his garded cote.
Another on his fiste a sparrowhawk or fawcone,
Or else a cokow, wastinge so his shone:
Before the altier he to and fro doth wander,
Even with as great devotion as doth a gander.
In comes another, his hounds at his tayle,
With lynes and leases, and other like baggage:
His doggs barke; so that withouten fayle,
The whole church is troubled by their outrage."

Henry the VIII. came near making his exit in a deep slough at Hitchen in Hertfordshire, by the breaking of his pole, an instrument used for leaping rivulets and brooks, when hawking was followed on foot. One almost regrets the non-success of the accident, as in ridding the country of a royal master, the lives of his estimable wives might have escaped the sacrifice to his tyranny and vice.—From the frequent mention of hawking by the water-side, by the writers of the time, it is to be inferred that the pursuit of aquatic fowl afforded the most diversion. The sport of falconry had its peculiar vocabulary, as well as a list of the birds that were to be the wretched victims of barbarity and wanton cruelty. The custom became obsolete about the end of the 16th century.

With respect to archery, it is sufficient to remark that the bow was the most ancient and common of all weapons; Ishmael, the wanderer, was an archer—so were the heroes of Homer, and the warriors of most nations, not forgetting the red men of our American wilds. During the heptarchy, Offrid, son of Edwin, King of Northumberland, was slain by an arrow; and many other historic celebrities might be mentioned who shared a similar fate. The Saxons claim the introduction of both the long and cross-bow into Britain; their successors the Danes were also great archers.

The well-known story of Alfred the Great in the peasant's cottage, suffering her cakes to burn, was owing to his being engaged in preparing his

bow and arrows. Of the great power and precision with which arrows may be discharged, we have sufficient evidence without that afforded by the apochryphal exploits of Robin Hood or William Tell. Our Indians may be cited as specimens of the wonderful exactness of aim of which the instrument is susceptible. "The Turkish bow," quoth Lord Bacon, "giveth a very forcible shoot, inasmuch as it hath been known that the arrow hath pierced a sheet target, or a piece of brass of two inches thick!" An arrow, it has been stated, with a round wooden head, has been shot upwards of four hundred and eighty yards from the standing.

William Rufus, it will be remembered, was indebted to one of these swift-winged messengers of death, for his dismissal from the field of strife; and the famous battle of Cressy bore testimony to their fatal use, to no inconsiderable extent, as well as the memorable contest of Agincourt, in 1415. The practice of archery possesses undoubted advantages in point of health and exercise, over most of the athletic diversions, or field sports, without any of their objectionable features. "It is an exercise," says Moseley, in his essay on archery, "adapted to every age and every degree of strength; it is not necessarily laborious, as it may be discontinued the moment it becomes fatiguing; a pleasure not to be enjoyed by the hunter, who, having finished his chase, perceives that he must crown his toil with an inanimate ride to his bed of forty miles. Archery is attended with no cruelty: it sheds no innocent blood, nor does it torture harmless animals; charges which lie heavy against some other amusements. It has been said that a reward was formerly offered to him who could invent a new pleasure. Had such a reward been held forth by the ladies of the present day, he who introduced archery, as a female exercise, would have deservedly gained the prize—there are so few diversions in the open air, in which women can join with satisfaction, suitable amusements have been wanting to invite them. Archery has, however, contributed admirably to supply this defect, and in a manner the most desirable that could be wished."

The practice of baiting animals so naturally revolting to the popular taste of the present age, seems, in former times, to have been invested with something of the chivalrous and romantic.—These cruel entertainments are generally supposed to have originated with the Moors; Julius Cæsar introduced it among the Romans, and from them it was adopted by the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the English, &c. The Spaniards have been the most barbarous in their refined cruelties in connection with this brutal sport; they have also invested its ceremonies with greater splendor and pageantry. With them the words of Thomson are eloquent of import:

"Each social feeling fell,
And joyless inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart."

In the Greek bull-fights, several of these devoted animals were turned out by an equal number of horsemen, each combatant selecting his choice of a victim, which he never quitted till he had vanquished. From the following account of a bull-

fight in the Coliseum at Rome, 1332, extracted from Muratori by Gibbon, some idea may be formed of the ceremonies and dangers attending these extraordinary and brutalizing exhibitions:

"A general proclamation as far as Rimini and Ravenna, invited the nobles to exercise their skill and courage in this perilous adventure. The Roman ladies were marshalled in three squadrons, and seated in three balconies, which on this day, the third of September, were lined with scarlet cloth. The lots of the champions were drawn by an old and respectable citizen, and they descended into the arena to encounter the wild animals on foot, with a single spear. Amid the crowd were the names, colors and devices of twenty of the most conspicuous knights of Rome. The combats of the amphitheatre were dangerous and bloody. Every champion successively encountered a wild bull, and the victory may be ascribed to the quadrupeds, since no more than eleven were left on the field with the loss of nine wounded, and eighteen killed on the side of their adversaries. Some of the noblest families might mourn, but the pomp of the funerals in the Churches of St. John Lateran, and St. Maria Maggiore, afforded a second holiday to the people, which was of course a thing of superior moment. Doubtless it was not in such conflicts that the blood of the Romans should have been shed; yet in blaming their rashness, we are compelled to applaud their gallantry," continues our author, "and the noble volunteers who display their munificence and risk their lives under the balconies of the fair, excite a more generous sympathy than the thousands of captives and malefactors, who were reluctantly dragged to the scene of slaughter."

In Madrid, it is only during the summer these sanguinary scenes are exhibited, on account of the amphitheatre or circus, in which the spectators assemble, being uncovered. The following is a brief description of the ceremonies, which commence by a kind of procession, in which the combatants, on horse and on foot, appear, after which two alguazils, dressed in perukes and black robes, advance, with great affected gravity, on horseback, and ask the president for the signal for the commencement of the entertainment. This is immediately given, and the fierce animal makes his appearance, rushing from his place of confinement into the circle, furious and eager for the fray. The officers of justice, who have nothing to do with the bull, hasten to retire, which is the prelude to the cruel pleasure the spectators are evidently impatiently waiting to enjoy. As the animal rushes in, he is received with loud shouts, which rend the air, and tend to excite to frenzy the infuriated beast; when the picadores or equestrian combatants, dressed in a quaint old Castilian costume, and armed with a long lance, wait to meet and repel their antagonist. These encounters require, of course, extraordinary courage and dexterity; and formerly they were regarded as marks of honorable ambition and distinction, having sometimes been contended for by those of noble blood. Even at the present time hidalgos are said to solicit the honor of fighting the bull on horseback, and they are then previously presented to the audience under

the auspices of a patron connected with the court. If the animal becomes terror-struck, and seeks to avoid his persecutors, the execrations of the intelligent audience are showered upon his devoted head, and if nothing else can awaken his courage and fury, the cry of *perros ! perros !* brings forth new enemies, and huge dogs are let loose upon him. He then tosses the dogs into the air, and although they usually fall down stunned and mangled, they generally renew their attack till their adversary falls, thus an ignoble sacrifice to the wanton cruelty of his lordly masters. Sometimes the bull, irritated by the pointed steel, gores the horse and overturns his rider, who, when dismounted and disarmed, would be exposed to imminent danger did not attendant combatants divert the animal's attention by holding before him pieces of cloth of various colors. This act is attended, however, with great peril, the only rescue being by jumping over the barrier, which throws the spectators into a chaos of confusion from fear of the rabid animal's making a direct descent upon themselves. Our details of this inhuman custom have been, however, already too extended, and we return to more agreeable pursuits, in the hope that, in this boasted age of progress, some enlightened spirits may give a more worthy direction to the pastimes of the people of that once chivalrous, but now degenerate nation. It is to be regretted, however, that the sin of baiting animals does not rest alone with the Spaniards or the ancient Romans,—although the gladiatorial exploits of the cruel monsters, Nero and Commodus, surpass all for their savage brutality. James the First, amongst other sapient performances, perpetrated a "Boke of Sports," for the regulation of popular pastimes and amusements, intimating by it what particular kinds of recreation were to be allowed on Sundays and festivals of the church—such as running, vaulting, morrice-dancing, &c., and prohibiting, upon those days, bowling, bear, and bull-baitings. A quaint old writer, Cartwright, (temp., 1572,) endeavoring to prove the impropriety of an established form of prayer for the church service, among other arguments, uses the following: "He (the clergyman) posteth it over as fast as he can gallope, for either he hath two places to serve, or else there are some gaymes to be played in the afternoon, to wit: such as lying for the whet-stones, heathenish dancing for the ringe, or a beare or a bull to be bated, or else a jackanapes to ride horseback, or an interlude to be played in churche." Bishop Burnett, in the "History of his own Times," speaking of this worthy monarch, complains that his court fell into much extravagance in masquerading—"both king and court going about masked, going into houses unknown, and dancing there with great deal of wild frolic." This state of things included the early religious dramas and plays, in which the heathen mythology and low buffoonery were strangely intermingled.

As early as the ninth century, this pursuit formed an item of education, and was patronized by the noble. Alfred the Great was an expert hunter at twelve years of age; and Edward the Confessor, according to the ancient chronicles, "took the greatest delight to follow a pack of swift hounds

in pursuit of game, and to cheer them on with his voice." William the Norman, and several of his crowned successors down to James I., seem to have been alike addicted to the pastime. The last named individual is said to have divided his time equally betwixt his standish, his bottle and his hunting, the last had his fair weather, the two former his dull and cloudy. The bishops and nobles of the middle ages hunted with great state, and not a few of the moderns are still to be found in England, to do honor to the custom, both laymen and clergy, commons and nobles; nor should we omit our own country. A certain clerical dignitary of the 13th century—the Bishop of Rochester—hunted at the ripe age of four score, to the total neglect, it is said, of his episcopal duties; and in the succeeding century, an abbot of Leicester surpassed all the sportsmen of his time in this proficiency.

In Hallam's History of the Middle Ages are many interesting particulars touching the irrepressible eagerness of the clergy for this recreation; with the ineffectual attempts of councils and decrees for its suppression. What should we think in our day, of an archbishop, with a retinue of two hundred persons for his train, maintained at the expense of the Abbey, and the other religious establishments encountered on their route, hunting from parish to parish?—yet such an event actually took place in England, A. D. 1321. We have alluded to the fact that Queen Elizabeth was accustomed to indulge in the sports of the field at an advanced age; and she was not the only member of the fair sex, who affected a passion for this manly pastime, for we find that in the 17th century, certain fair huntresses of Bury, in Suffolk, equipped themselves for the chase as men—a *habit* we might add, "more honored in the breach than the observance." In the year 1758 a lady undertook to ride 1000 miles in as many hours; which feat she actually accomplished in one-third of that time: and even as recently as 1804 another undertook an equestrian race against a Mr. Flint for five hundred guineas, at Knavesmire, in Yorkshire; she won the first heat, and would have achieved the second, had not her saddle-girth slipped. As she came in, she was cheered by the immensely assembled crowd with

"Push on, dear lady—pray don't the whip stint.
To beat such as you must have the heart of a Flint."

We read of some singular cases of blind sportsmen; among that class was the Rev. Mr. Stokes, who is said to have performed some surprising feats of "a leap in the dark." When he had to leap, the servant accompanying used to ring a bell: and another individual, also blind, who was attached to the Marquis of Granby's celebrated hunt, was equally expert, although he had usually no attendant: he trusted to chance. Prof. Saunderson, of Cambridge, a profound mathematician, though quite blind, was so fascinated with the chase, that he continued to hunt till an advanced period of his life. His horse was accustomed to follow that of his servant, and his delight was extreme when he heard the cry of the hounds and huntsmen, expressing his raptures with all the eagerness of those who possessed their sight. What

real interest blind men can possibly experience in madly scampering over hedges and ditches, it is difficult to divine.

Our Indians have what they call the "Hunter's Feast"—which somewhat resembles the Pentecost of the ancient Hebrews. Once a year certain tribes, beyond the Ohio, used to select from their number twelve men, who went out and provided themselves with a like number of deer, when, after placing a heap of stones, so as to form a sort of altar, they sacrifice the spoil. It has been contended that a still closer analogy subsists between other of the Indian festivals and customs, with those of the nation referred to; from which it has been conjectured that they were originally indebted to a common origin. The reader will doubtless excuse the following digression, even in a desultory essay, since he will form a good idea of the times and the sports then prevalent, from the quotation we venture to subjoin. The quaint lines to which we refer are from a work printed at London, 1611, entitled "The lettinge of humour's bloode in the head-vane; with a new Morisce danced by seven Satyras upon the bottome of Diogenes' tubbe!"

"Man, I dare challenge thee to throw the sledge,
To jump, or leape over ditch or hedge;
To wrestle, play at stooleball, or to runne;
To pitch the barre, or to shoot off a gunne;
To play at loggets, nine holes, or ten pinnes,
Or trye it out at foot-ball by the shinnies;
At ticktack, Irish nodde, mawe, or ruffe,
At hot-cockles, leap-frog, or blindman-buffe;
To drinke halfe-pots, or deal at the whole can;
To play at base or pen-and-yknhorn Sir I han;
To dance the morris, play at harley-breake,
At all employes a man can thinke or speake;
At shove-groate, venter-poynte, or crosse and pile,
At beshrow him that's laste at yonder style;
At leapinge o'er a midsummer-bon-fier,
Or at the drawing deer out of the myer;
At any of these, or all these presently,
Wagge but your finger, I am for you, I."

We do not purpose to trouble thee, patient reader, with any observations upon the foregoing, or any curious inquiries into these multitudinous diversions of our sober forefathers: enough for us to know that they *had* so liberal a variety, and that they seemed to indulge them so heartily. As to the *morality* of the chase, we have nothing to say on that subject, except that if the charge of cruelty lie in the case of hunting game, the same may be alleged against angling, which pursuit good old Izaak Walton so manfully defends, and so pleasantly discourses about. If there are plaintive and placid pleasures for the angler, there are exhilarating and inspiring associations for the hunter.

We pass now to notice briefly the well-known and popular sport—horse-racing, and its kindred associations. It has been conjectured that these amusements of the turf were in vogue with the Saxons, from the fact that Hugh, the founder of the House of the Caputs, of France, among other royal gifts, "presented several *running horses*, with their saddles and bridles," &c. The grave John Locke, in one of his private journals (1679) writes as follows:

"The sports of England, which perhaps a curious stranger would be glad to see, are horse-racing, hawking and hunting, bowling; at Marebone and Putney he may see several persons of quality bowling two or three times a week all the

summer; wrestling in Lincoln's Inn Fields every evening all summer; bear and bull-baiting, and sometimes prizes at the Bear garden; shooting in the long-bow, and stob-ball in Tothill fields; cudgel-playing at several places in the country; and hurling in Cornwall."

In the autobiography of the eccentric Lord Herbert of Cherbury, we find these quaint and seemingly paradoxical observations, touching horsemanship: "I do not approve of the running of horses, there being much cheating in that kind of exercise; neither do I see why a brave man should delight in a creature, whose chief use is to help him run away—yet a good rider on a good horse, is as much above himself and others as this world can make him." Next to the chase and shooting, angling was the principal out-door amusement, particularly by the gentler sex. In the reign of Charles II ladies used to practice the art in the Canal of St. James' Park, London; according to Isaac Walton, "their tackle was very beautiful and costly, which they were fond of displaying." The piscatory art being one of our most popular of pastimes, it is unnecessary for us to dilate upon its fascinating attractions to those of a contemplative turn of mind. Some inveterate anglers must have a curious history to give of their experience; for many of them have been odd fish themselves—flat fish we may say, in some instances, since they will sit on a damp, muddy bank the live-long day, contented if they are but regaled with even the "delicious symptoms of nibble;" while others are perfectly resigned to their fate, if they are but privileged to watch the wary fish as they wag their tails at his line, and adroitly steer away from the decoy of his tempting bait. These gentry need to be like good Izaak Walton, of a contemplative habit, since such is their devotion to the pursuit, that they sometimes have no more substantial "food for reflection."—There are certain individuals whose mawkish sensibilities are offended at the cruelties of catching the tenants of the stream; we share no sympathy with such, however, for if nature's laws ordain that the big fishes are to prey upon the little ones, we see no reason why creation's lord should not also appropriate any of them to his own use.—Besides this, it will be recollected, the apostles even included fishermen.

Of wrestling and pugilistic games we also forbear to speak; we may, however, remark *en passant* that gymnastics and calisthenics are a meet substitute for the former, since they include all their advantages in the development of physical strength, without any of their objectionable features. As a Winter sport, skating naturally suggests itself as one of the most adoption. This diversion is mentioned by a monkish writer as far back as 1170. A fast skater, on good ice, will nearly equal the race-horse for a short distance; in the year 1838, Mr. Simpson, of Cambridge, England, is said to have skated over a surface of forty miles, on indifferent ice, in two hours and a half; and mention is made of others having skated two miles in five minutes. This is a diversion in which ladies may participate with grace, and it is also an invigorating and healthful

exercise. Hundreds of the London belles may be seen thus sportively employed on a fine winter's day on the Serpentine river, Hyde Park. Like buffalo hunting—the most exciting because hazardous of all sports—however, skating is attended with the occasional risk of a fall on the ice, and sometimes *under* it, affording the courageous skater the benefit of a cold bath, with the chance of an entailed rheumatism, if not, indeed, loss of life itself. From the suggestion of a ducking under the ice, one is naturally reminded of swimming, or voluntary bathing, than which few expedients are more conducive to health and longevity. The world is now awake to this, and even the faculty are found frank enough to confess the fact, and recommend frequent ablutions. Our object being simply to take a swift survey of the recreative pursuits of mankind, we shall not be expected to offer any thing touching the art and mystery of any. The important utility, in cases of accident, of being able to swim, every one knows, but every one does not acquire the art notwithstanding; yet it is easy of attainment, and also adds much to the pleasure of bathing.—Cramps, crabs, and the chance of becoming food for fishes, are among the doubtful attractions of old Neptune: healthfulness and vigor to the young, and rejuvenescence to the aged, as well as a delicious physical enjoyment, while in his rough embraces, are among the positive pleasures.

Tennis was a favorite game among the Romans; it is less in vogue in modern times, Cricket having to some extent usurped its place. The latter is a peculiarly English pastime; it is much more frequently indulged in Europe than in this country. All classes play at it in England; some years past there was a strong contest between eleven Greenwich pensioners, with only one leg a piece, against an equal number of their brethren, who were minus an arm, but the one-legged boys won. As with many other English sports, females often join the band of cricketers: some time ago there was a match played between an equal number of married and unmarried females; in which the matrons came off victors. Among the pastimes of the people, we ought to refer to dancing—the most universal, as well as one of the most ancient of all. During the earlier ages it was invested with the sanctity of a religious rite—the Levitical law of the Jews requiring it to be exhibited at the celebration of their solemn feasts; the psalms of David make frequent allusions to the practice, and, indeed, it is the opinion of some of the learned in Biblical criticism, that every psalm had its appropriate dance attached to it. In the temples at Jerusalem, Alexandria, and elsewhere in the East, a stage was erected for these exercises, called the choir—a term still retained in our churches and now appropriated to the singers. The Greeks and Romans adopted dancing at their festivals after their ancestors, and the practice has continued uninterruptedly down to our own times. Even the red men of the forest have their various dances, devoted to the seasons, hunting and war; and we might include the dancing Methodists, and the Shakers, in the category, as well as our modern theatrical performances of the ballet, the more private waltz and polka, &c.

As a recreative entertainment, dancing has much to recommend it to preference, as well as its tendency to develop the grace and poetry of motion; and although some cherish scruples as to its moral influence upon society, in itself strictly considered, no valid exceptions, it is believed, can be taken against a pastime so admirably suited to conduce to the refined enjoyment, as well as physical improvement of society. There are numerous domestic games and pastimes which might be mentioned, peculiar to past times and the present; it may suffice simply to name the following—chess and cards—both obtaining a preference as intellectual and interesting pastimes for the social circle. An instance of chess upon a large scale is recorded of Don John of Austria, who had a room in his palace which had a pavement of checkered white and black marble; upon this living men, in varied costumes, moved under his directions, according to the laws of chess. It is also related of a Duke of Weimar, that he had squares of black and white marble on which he played at chess with real soldiers. A game at chess involves sometimes a severe test of temper; it is said the Swedish maidens used formerly to try the mettle of their husbands elect at the chess table, and that this ordeal decided their fate in the affair of matrimony. Of billiards, dice, and other games usually associated with the practice of gambling, as well as of theatricals in general, it is not necessary to speak, they being already familiar to the reader. In closing our desultory sketch therefore, we may remark that mankind in every age has evinced their peculiar characteristics by their pastimes no less than their graver pursuits, and that relaxation from toil, the common inheritance, is indispensable to our very nature. In the words of the poet:

“We trifle all; and he who best deserves,
Is but a trifler. What art thou, whose eye
Follows my pen—or what am I who write?
Both triflers!”

Hoping the courteous reader will not take umbrage at the insinuation, we take our leave in the eloquent words of Alison, whose apology must commend itself to all:

“It were unjust and ungrateful to conceive that the amusements of life are altogether forbidden by its beneficent Author. They serve, on the contrary, important purposes in the economy of life, and are destined to produce important effects both upon our happiness and character. They are ‘the wells of the desert;’ the kind resting-places in which toil may relax, in which the weary spirit may recover its tone, and where the desponding mind may reassume its strength and its hopes.—They are, in another view, of some importance to the dignity of individual character. In everything we call amusement, there is generally some display of taste and of imagination; some elevation of the mind from mere animal indulgence.

“Even in the scenes of relaxation, therefore, they have a tendency to preserve the dignity of human character, and to fill up the vacant and unguarded hours of life with occupations, innocent at least, if not virtuous. But their principal effect perhaps is upon the social character of man.—Whenever amusement is sought, it is in the society

of our brethren ; and whenever it is found, it is in our sympathy with the happiness of those around us. It bespeaks the disposition of benevolence, and it creates it. When men assemble, accordingly, for the purpose of general happiness or joy, they exhibit to the thoughtful eye one of the most pleasing appearances of their original character. They leave behind them, for a time, the faults of their station and the asperities of their temper ; they forget the secret views and the selfish purposes of their ordinary life, and mingle with the crowd around them with no other view than to receive and communicate happiness. It is a spectacle which it is impossible to observe without

emotion ; and while the virtuous man rejoices at that evidence which it affords of the benevolent constitution of his nature, the pious man is apt to bless the benevolence of that God who thus makes the wilderness and the solitary place to be glad, and whose wisdom renders even the hours of amusement subservient to the cause of virtue. It is not, therefore, the use of the innocent amusements of life which is dangerous, but the abuse of them ; it is not when they are occasionally, but when they are constantly pursued ; when the love of amusement degenerates into a passion ; and when, from being an occasional indulgence, it becomes a habitual desire."

THE FIRST DEAD.

BY L. G. A.

AT dewey eve they

Sought the absent one. The mellow hues of
Sunset's fading light was lingering still
On young Earth's beauty, ripe with its fruits and
Flowers—making her look mature in loveliness
Even as now. The moving foliage
And the elastic branch, seemed conscious of
Their power to whisper forth their melody.
The low, deep sound of Eden's gliding river
Rose up in marmur's loud and full, and every
Bird of evening song was pouring out glad
Notes of joy. No outward sign of woe prophetic
Lay on their hearts to make them sad as on
They walked, breathing the pure sweet air rejoicing
In the blessings that were left them still.

In the dim distance,

By a sheltering tree, they saw the altars
Where their son's had been to morning worship—
The fresh ripe fruits lay still on one—and from
The other rose the faintly curling smoke,
So long since early sacrifice.

They had not learned the
Power of sad forboding yet, nor dreamed
That aught of evil had detained those first
Born Sons of Time from their loved bower of home
So cool—so fair—so bright with early love.

They sought the field of

Toil, where earth first knew that curse fulfilled
Which doomed the race to weariness and care—
And there upon the sod, stretched out and bleeding,
Like a victim slain—cold, pale, and lying
In a cruel death—they found a son beloved—
The first poor sufferer of their bitterest doom !

The tears of grief, in scalding

Drops, burst forth from eyes that ne'er had looked
On death—and could not know the tyrant's power
To quench the light of life, and leave the noble
Form, a sad, deserted thing ! Upon the
Low, unconscious one, the first warm tears of
Deep bereavement fell—bathing the form, the
Earth, with anguish drops of woe !

The loss of Eden

Was a joy to this—so heavy was the
Blow that crushed them now. In those pierced
Hearts, wrangled the bitter thought of their own
Guilt which brought this painful scene—this first
Of all Death-sorrows down to earth !

'Twas there they felt the

Full, deep import of the curse of sin—and
There they realized those fearful words spoken
In Paradise—"That thou shalt surely die."



SUSY L——'S DIARY.

WORK AND PLAY.

SATURDAY MORNING, 23d.

Oh, dear—oh, dear, now!—I wonder if any body can know in this world, two hours beforehand, what is to become of one? I suppose it is different in your sphere, Thalia? You all live so long, I suppose it takes things a long time to come to pass. That must be pleasant, I think. One does not often stand there, with a whirling head and leaden heart, to see their well-devised plans all set at naught, and their affairs all going topsyturvy, does one? One does not there fold one's hands closely on one's breast, saying complacently—"Yes, I, myself, will keep myself," and then find suddenly. But wait and see what one sometimes finds suddenly here amongst us mortals—what I have found.

It was pleasant at the seminary, meeting so many good, intelligent friends made glad by our coming; going through the cabinet filled with minerals, shells, corals, Indian relics, and so many curiosities from so many lands; peeping into the drawing-room, where were a dozen young ladies at work, some with crayons, some with water-colors; overlooking the well-stocked reading room, together with many other rooms; and hearing wherever we went the hum of youthful voices in recitation, mingling with the joyful chorus of a hundred birds in the grand old woods that flank the seminary buildings.

It was good with Prof. S—— and his dearest, best, most deeply sensible of all wives. The professor was as jocose as a lark in the morning. He had many new scientific works with richly colored illustrations to show us. He had been himself preparing an abridged rhetoric from which I must hear him read specimens. He must try me at dinner whether I was forgetting my Latin, by asking me simple questions in that language.—How he shook his fat sides, and how they all laughed at my oddly-devised answers!

It was good at Col. C——'s, in his beautiful house with windows overlooking the foaming river and the village; and especially out in his beautiful grounds. No one has so large a yard and garden, filled with such varieties of rare and excellent plants, shrubs, ornamental and fruit trees. No one is more amiable than his young wife, with her simple, sincere manners, and her sweet voice both in speaking and singing; no one gives promise of a nobler manhood than the colonel himself. If only his early and easily-won honors do not make him forget, that, for all he has acquired so much, he has in truth but just started, but just begun his part on this "the battle field of life;" if, when the times come "that try men's souls"—as often they must in political life—if then he does not rather stay snugly within, complacently eyeing his forensic abilities and successes, his sinecures independent of all slight fluctuations in politics, when he *should* be abroad opposing the destructive current, braving the storm. I shall say this to the ex-treasurer, and ask him if he does not think the same.

I shall ask him if Gen. W—— does, as they say, dodge all really important votes by escaping at the south door of the House, lest he compromise himself in some of his conflicting pledges given when he was under nomination. And I shall look in his face and see whether he is at all conscious of this same dodging propensity in himself.

In the evening the hall was crowded; so that if a couple would move arm in arm they must go sidewise; if one would see what was going on a few feet away, one must stand on tiptoe. The tickets were sold for twenty-five cents each. The use of the hall was given by the landlord; the supper was contributed by generous individuals, so that there will be no outlay but for books. The whole "Family Library" and many other series can be bought up with the profits of this single movement. Shares will be sold and let immediately, and the proceeds applied for the purchase of more books, so that the success of the library is no longer a problem. Do you, dear Thalia, have the experiment tried at Olympus; and! make the bachelors contribute the fruit and confections! Don't let the measure be at all stinted! *We don't.*

I saw little of G—— until supper.

"Stay now with me a minute," said he, putting himself before me when I would cross over to Mrs. C——. "I want you."

"To-morrow, to-morrow; but to-night I want myself," said I, with a sigh and a laugh.

He relinquished my hand with a sigh and a smile. I made my way to Mrs. C——.

I am thinking that if you were here now, Thalia, sitting on the opposite side of my little table, something like this would pass between us:

Thalia. What—how did you dress, I wonder? you who never will take any thought what you shall wear, or how you shall wear it.

Susy. I wore my dead-leaf brown dress and a wrought under-handkerchief, the later given me by sister S——.

Thalia. Oh, Venus! a dead-leaf brown to so large a party!

Susy. Madame Cotton—the distinguished and sensible Madame Cotton almost *always* wore a dead-leaf brown for full dress.

Thalia. For full dress! this amuses me. But, dearest, this is not a hundred years ago, nor is it six years ago. Six years ago it would have been more allowable; for then the browns were *a-la-mode*. And—now I think of it! do you know? have you not read how this same odd lady was once laughed at by a stranger-companion for this dead-leaf dress of hers?

Susy. I have read all about it, and how he was put to shame by her unruffled dignity, and especially by learning afterwards whom he had insulted. I had the advantage of Madame Cotton. All who were present knew me, and knew moreover that I do not trouble myself; and so they did not trouble themselves about me.

Said the over-dressed Mrs. B—— to me—

"I declare I never saw any thing like it! You are at so little trouble; and yet no one is so liked and followed as you are."

Thalia. Are you always going to wear the dead-leaf dress until you are as old—as old as Madame Cotton was when she died?

Susy. No indeed! It will be covered with spots and in strings—or it would if I liked it and wore it. But it always hangs in my wardrobe; and I wear, when dressed, white or black. It was not warm enough for white; it was too warm for my camlet; and my silk was ripped for alterations—to be made larger so that I can turn myself half round in it.

Thalia. (*With enthusiasm.*) Ah, white! white! wear white; merino in winter, muslin in summer. This, with the geraniums, or roses, you always manage to have about you, will—will make you passable, homely as it must be confessed that you are, and negligent. I hope your under-handkerchief, as you call it, was—

Susy. It was altogether rich and beautiful I do assure you; just sent by my sister S——, from the capital.

Thalia. I hope you wore flowers, or something—

Susy. Flowers; a velvet rose and geraniums, given to me by Mrs. Col. C——. And they were as delicate as you can think, lying partly over the rich embroidery, and partly over the folds of my brown dress, which, believe me, made a most excellent back ground.

Thalia. Perhaps so. But wear white after this; and don't forget the under handkerchief, as you call it. Be sure you don't forget the flowers. I want you to show people that—

Susy. This I will never do! I will never show people anything. I will wear white because I feel that it is suitable for me; because I can go where I please with it, since to wash and repair does not spoil it. I will wear flowers, because flowers and I cannot live apart. But for the rest—good morning, Miss Thalia. When you come again don't drag the "people" in between us.—Because then there will be vastly too many for this little room; and you and they must go and leave me to what comes next. This, as you shall see, when to-night you come in and read what I have written, is, first a story of the ring in the cake, and then a love-passage, one of those the most heart-disturbing of all the passages that occur in the grand march by which we move onward.

[*Exit Thalia.*]

Rap, rap, rap, went the fingers of the Master of Ceremonies on the table; when supper was nearly over, and every voice, every step, was hushed in a moment.

"Hear," said he, "hear what the oracle proclaimeth. Within that loaf of cake is concealed a ring of gold and precious stones; and whosoever findeth it, to him or to her it is a symbol of the marriage ring; and a sign that, of all this goodly assemblage, he or she, whoever the finder may be, shall of a surety be the first married, the first to put on the wedding-ring."

Murmured cheers and the soft patter of toes went through the assembly at this announcement.

Esq. T——, the Master of Ceremonies, Col.

C——, Prof. S——, Mr. L——, and their several ladies were standing with our party—that is, our family, including the ex-treasurer—at table. Esq. T—— would pass the ring-loaf. Prof. S—— would see that our party all had slices; he would see that between G—— and myself there was but one slice.

"No, no, no!" laughing and blushing said I; for I began already to be suspicious of preconcerted measures between the Professor and Esq. T——, to bring the ring to our lot.

"No, no! Esq. T——!" I repeated, as the gentleman went off with the basket, after seeing deposited on G's plate a slice that was to serve him and me.

"Yes, yes!" said G——, Prof. S——, and twenty others; so "yes" it was. But I was in the greatest trepidation, and at first would not taste the cake. It was only a minute, however. I had only to think that I need not be so choked with the ring, since as yet I had not swallowed it; and to determine that if it came to us I would not be thunder-struck in the least; but sport, as much of it as ever Prof. S—— and Esq. T—— could reasonably desire, should come out of it. I fell to eating greedily, therefore, so that G—— was likely to get far less than his share. Prof. S—— laughed with the rest, pretended a great curiosity in the developments of his own and his neighbors' cake; but I could see that not for a moment did he let go his vigilance over our movements.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" I half-laughed and half-shrieked when I actually found the "ring of gold and precious stones" in my fingers. Such laughter in our immediate neighborhood! Such going on tip-toe through the rest of the room!

Rap, rap, rap! again; and again the profoundest silence, when the oracle sprang into a chair and thus he spake:

"Between Edward Gould, Esquire, and Miss Susan L—— the ring lieth; and thus it is foreshadowed what the Fates intend."

Heavens! with my hands closed over my ears, I sprang and hid behind Prof. S—— while it was going on, the announcement and the half-deafening cheers that followed.

"Go to the piano," whispered I to Mrs. C——. "Sing the 'May Queen.'"

The piano was near; and in an instant she struck that noble prelude. She plays it with a deal of feeling. The moment she begins, she is herself the May Queen, sitting there in her simplicity and joy. I have heard it many times; and the moment she began, my thoughts went onward to the time when "health is gone," when, in the most plaintive and thrilling of all the tones that ever yet have touched my ear, she sings—

"I only wish the snow would melt and the sun come out
on high,
I long to see a flower so before the day I die."

And farther still, when the flowers have come and she still lives on—

"Oh sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot
rise.
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that
blow.
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go."

Oh look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow!
He shines upon a hundred fields and all of them I know!
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—

Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.
O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done,

The voice that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun—
For ever and for ever all in a blessed home,
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

It was nothing to me then, the ring, "the symbol" and "the sign," the murmur that still went on among those unimpressed by the music, the curious eyes turned to me to see how I would carry myself through the lot that had fallen on me. I heard, I felt only the music. I know that I took G—'s arm, that he slipped the ring on my finger; that now I was ready to die with the May Queen; and then light and exultant as a bird, over the immortality that awaited her so near, over the youth and health, the never-fading flowers and fields she would find "within the light of God." I know that I wept as I always do, as I always shall if I hear it sung a hundred times; and that once I heard G— sigh close by my ear.

[Enter Maria. Susy! I have brought you some hot chocolate and toast; and you must eat it.—Your mother says that you didn't eat enough yesterday and this morning to keep a bird alive; and that she shall let you go to no more parties, and have no more, if they affect you in this way.—Mrs. George is down stairs. She "guesses its 'cause that Mr. G— is gone yesterday and to-day. She thinks 't likely 'nough 'at he's kind o' sarce and cheese, and gravy ter yer victuals, when he's here."

Susy. What time is it?

Maria. Ten o'clock; and your mother says you ought not to write any more. Letters all day yesterday and journal all this morning—you are as pale as a ghost. And your hair, Susy—they will be here in two hours, even if they went to the upper part of the lake. This is what Hal and Mr. G— both said, you know.

Susy. Yes; and so please, good Maria, go now and let me finish my writing.

Maria. And be sure you eat your luncheon; if you don't I will tell Mr. G— what Mrs. George says about his being the "sarce, cheese and gravy of your victuals." [Exit Maria.

Hal's fellow-student, young M—, would come round our way and bring Hal home from the party. This would leave more room in the carriage for G— and me; and, moreover, he wanted to talk with Hal about going to Hanover. I looked imploringly to Hal; but he did not see it; he was settling himself in his hat, and G— hurried me to the carriage. It was the most glorious of all the nights there have ever been; it was so blue, clear and still! I could feel nothing but supreme pleasure in it, if I was thwarted, if I was left alone with G—. And how happy was he! He would let his horse walk all the way, as he seemed inclined, that the time might be longer; for soon, in three days at the farthest, he must go back to the capital. And then he would not know what to do with himself, he

would miss me so much at every hour, he was happy in being in the same house with me, in knowing that I was near. Ah, I was a dear, dear Susy! He held my hand, keeping it at his lips as he talked; and, as breathlessly he listened to the few words I had to say, his voice and his whole manner were agitated. I felt that he trembled, as now he held my hand close to his heart.

"A dear, dear hand—a dear, dear hand!" said he. "Let it be mine, Susy! Oh, let it be mine!"

I could not speak. I sighed and trembled; he took me tenderly to him, and made me lean on him.

We were now almost home, and still we were silent. I attempted to release myself from his arm; but he held me the closer.

"No, no! Say that you will be mine. I can no longer bear this uncertainty. You have been my chosen from the first hour that I saw you. But I have seen how it was; I have waited in the hope that upon longer acquaintance you would regard me more favorably. Oh, tell me! has not that time come?—or, at least," continued he after a pause, finding that I did not speak, "at least tell me why you weep. Am I not worthy?"

"I weep because I am not worthy of you; because I am unfit for any man's wife, and always shall be. I never can—I have tried it enough to know—I never can be careful and systematic. I shall always waste and destroy things. I shall always have dust and clutter; and you—you who are so tidy that not a speck of dust can find a resting-place on you—you would go distracted and I should die of discouragement."

I cried and laughed together as I talked, and when I was through G— laughed; he laughed outrageously, and asked if *that* was all, if it was for *that* I had distressed myself and him. He knew what he had chosen. He knew perfectly all my ways, my superiority to trifling annoyances, and my easy, cheerful temper that—if I only loved him, if I only loved him as he did me—would make my own life and his so full of sunshine.

We were at our own door.

"Say 'yes,' one little, dear, 'yes,'" entreated he as he helped me out.

"Wait—wait until—"

"Have I not waited? am I not already tired of this? Say 'yes.'"

"Wait until you come back from the lake.—Wait two days."

"Good night, then," he sighed, bending a moment over my hand. Hal came out to help him unharness and I retreated immediately to my room.

The next day came, in the morning, preparations for company; in the evening, company; and when at a late hour they left, I called out my "Good night, good G—," from the stairs where I was already on the way to my room.

"Good night, you *bad* Susy," answered he, looking after me, half in reproach, half in laughter.

I have not seen him since; for early yesterday morning, before any in the house except Jem and Maria were stirring, they started for the village, where they were to be joined by a large party for fishing and hunting at the lake. And soon they

will be here; and soon—they come! I see them away on the hill.

EVENING, May 25th.

G—— is gone; and I will confess it, all I want to think or write of is he. I would rather not eat, sleep, or talk, it is so much better than any of these, thinking of him. I love him dearly, that is clear; but not as I have always thought I would love the man whom I could willingly, proudly call my husband. He, my ideal husband, is considerably taller than G——; with a broader chest; a broader, fairer forehead; with a firm, a noble gait; and an eye so full of kindness and care for me, his every way inferior wife! I look up to him in every sense of the phrase. I can bear to be less than he; can bear that he correct, advise and improve me. If I weep over my faults and his corrections, it is more than half in joy because I am so dear to him, that he will take the trouble to find what faults there are in me. And I cling to his suggestions as I go continually climbing up, up to his perfection. He sees that there are greater things than an immaculate wardrobe, immaculate rooms. Hence he has grease spots and dust on his coat sometimes. Sometimes he ties his cravat considerably on one side. He leaves his papers round, cannot tell where on earth to find them; would sometimes forget to eat and to sleep if I did not hold him in my keeping. Thus I must continually be seeing to him and his affairs. Thus my one great fault is corrected, through having no one to watch me, who in this respect

"Hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly."

Such is the man that has come in with his stately, quiet tread between me and all competitors for my favor—until these last few days when he has yielded his place to G——. But now—alas for G——!—here he is again between us, awry cravat, grease spots and all; looking utter unconsciousness that his cravat is not as correct as his life, his cloth as pure as his heart. Bless him! I have never seen him but in this ideal way. Probably I never shall see him. But if he were to come in his own proper person, I feel that I should no longer say to G——, "Wait." And yet it would half kill me to say, No; he is so good! he loves me so well! and is in so many respects dear to me! But—now let me marshal his defects, his relative defects I mean; those which make him unfit for my husband. I will begin with the least; and, in the first place, I do not like his form. He is not large enough for me who am so tall. His gait is shuffling and unsteady. His hair is abominable—smooth and shining, every spear lying close to his head until we come to the foretop, which is folded back on the head, stiff and regular like a starched collar over a cravat. If the young breezes are ever so frolicsome they never venture to play with his hair. They pass him, and, wheugh! what lively times they have with mine! I dislike his dress. Like his hair, nothing ever interferes with it; nothing ever puts it the least out of order. He makes a study of it; he has pride in it. This would please some ladies he might find. To me it is contemptible in a

man! His character is in keeping with the outward man. It is conservative and stiff; fashioned by a model that *he* approves, to be re-modeled by no revolutions of the times, the manners, the general conviction, the general taste. It gives no play to new circumstances; holds no parley with Truth as she comes round, giving new theories, new precepts for our onward march, lighting up new mysteries which, as we go, still open before us. And I fancy I see signs that he would think it much better for people, if they would noiselessly, and without any trouble on his part, conform themselves to his standard. True, he has abundant patience with my misdemeanors; he seems to find pleasure in them. But now they do not spoil his porridge, disarrange his rooms, or make levies upon his purse. He *may* very well laugh now and kiss the hand that does the mischief—even in the very act; but when I am faded and dispirited by cares—as all wives must sometimes be, even in the most favorable conditions—when I blunder and fail, then will he not turn "the evil eye" on me? or say—"Oh, Susy! Susy! what are you doing? how—?" and then, as it goes on worse and worse, in my gathering discouragement, his gathering disapprobation, will he not go out of the house slamming the door after him, only coming back very late and very sour to dinner?

Ah! I am thankful that, to the last, I said to him:

"Wait; wait six months, while I am trying what I can do; how far I can conform myself to the standard I know you would approve."

This was last evening.

"And I may write in that time as often as I please?"

"Yes."

"And you will answer all my letters?"

"When it is possible—when it is convenient."

"Next week you will be at the capital. I may attend you often, call on you often while you are there?"

"Yes."

"Ah, Heavens! how happy I shall be! And then the mountain journey!—I would not have believed one could be so happy as I find myself every moment. I do not let myself doubt. I must have you all to myself! I myself will decide, when the six months are past, whether you are suitable for me. I must certainly be the judge here. No one else can know what I desire."

"Yes; I know perfectly what your home must be to be pleasant to you. I, only, must be the judge whether I can, with my easy, careless temperament, make it and myself what you would wish." I was very firm and serious. G—— fixed on me a look of supplication and pain; but did not speak. "If I had the order and muscular energy that most people have," I continued; "if I came even up to mediocrity in these qualities, I would not say—Wait; I would not trouble you—and myself too; for I too am unhappy in the uncertainty, the discouragement my deficiencies occasion."

"You are a dear, dear Susy!" answered he, with my hand to his lips, evidently well-pleased to learn that I too was troubled. "But you overrate your deficiencies. I can never conceive what has put it into your head—"

"Aunt Susy! Aunt Susy!" interrupted Howy, running into the room with Dinah in his arms, her hair streaming, and every way out of order. "I wish *you* would fix Dinah's hair. I can't. I've been trying ever so long! I want it curled just like yours. It's like Mrs. George's now. See!"

"So it is, Buddy Fudge. Go now and get grandfather's pipe, if he will let you have it—ask him—and I will curl Dinah's hair just like mine. Let me take Dinah."

He went off laughing and hopping, he came back laughing and hopping; he laughed and hopped all the while that I was dressing her hair.

I will let G— see how I should manage the hair of the daughters, thought I; and straightway my heart leaped in its merriment. Now and then a hair came out as I cleared the tangled web. I let it fall just as it happened, while I watched Howy and laughed at the wry faces he made, the twists and turns he gave his head in his sympathy for Dinah.

Away went another hair, and this one brought G— to my feet to intercept it. Then I threw them on him, lay them on his coat in stars and other insignia. And he liked it! I never saw him better pleased. If I had been scattering roses or decorating him with real badges of real distinction, he would not have found half the pleasure in it. (*Par parenthesis*, if one could only know that he would *always*, after we had been many months, many years, "man and wife," find such satisfaction in hairs on the carpet and on his dress, then one might venture with him. Do you suppose, have you any idea that he would, Thalia? I haven't.)

I heated the pipe-stem in the lamp and soon Dinah's hair was just like mine. Howy was ready to go over the house in his delight. He put his lips up for a kiss, but before he fairly got it, ran off in a great hurry to show it to all in the house.

Without saying a word, G— bonneted and shawled me for a long stroll beneath the stars.—How good it was out! What stillness! The woods, the hills, and far-off mountains, the lands all about—what magnificence the night gave them! It was good talking with G— of all those things. He loves them so sincerely! with such sincere reverence looks from them all up to Him who made them! "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," is the law of G—'s morality. Would that this were added unto it—"and thy neighbor as thyself!" Would that he loved God's human children, and felt that sympathy for them, be they where or what they may, that he feels for his insensible creation! He looks upon the mass and upon individuals of the mass—unless they are something to *him*—as if they were "stocks and stones." They are nothing to him, he is nothing to them. He never thinks how many look after him as he "passes them by on the other side," what strength and cheer they would find in a kind look, an encouraging word. He does not know what happiness he himself would find in enlarged interests and sympathies. For myself, wherever I see a man, woman, or child, I see a soul born to struggle and pain; to sorrow, if its lot is as happy as earthly lot can be; and to joy—let its condition be ever so poor and

narrow—if the world is kind to them; if it now and then put out a friendly hand to help them; or if it only let the friendly look linger on them awhile. I have said a part of these things to G— at different times. The first time I write to him I shall say them all together; he will comprehend them better perhaps, and see that there is something for *him* also to do; that he, in one thing, needs conformation to my model.

To-morrow morning I shall answer Cousin Julia's letter. Through my manifold writer it shall be left on these pages; and this must be all, until the tedious dress-altering and dress-making is over, and Hal and his sister Susy are in the home of the brother-in-law and the sister at the capital.

LETTER TO JULIA.

Y—, May 27, 1845.

Thanks, my cousin, that you will come! that you will come just when I most desire it! We will have pleasant times together at C— with all the good ones there; in the shade of the noble old trees; in all the vigorous stir and movement of "session-time." It will be good watching how things go in the legislature. Such odd elements will be brought together there! such unprecedented combinations will take place! *that* will be evolved which will make one hold one's breath to see and hear; it is easy divining this.

You will go with us to the mountains. To the mountains! Oh, my God! thanks to thee for thy glorious mountains! This is what I say internally, my heart swells, and the tears come into my eyes, as often as I think that soon I shall be there again among them. Ever since I was there last season, they are before me. They loom up, up to the heavens. The stars are among them. I see the crags ready to fall above, and the clouds wrestling with the sunbeams below. And, oh, such dazzling lights, such impenetrable, awful shades, close to each other! side by side, in overpowering contrast! I see them in my dreams, more glorious, ten thousand times, than in their reality, than in my waking dreams. I thank God for this. I would not barter these recollections for the greatest paintings by the greatest masters. No painting can come near them and the conceptions that accompany them. You will say the same when you have seen them.

Now that the time is so near when we shall meet, I often lose myself conjecturing what you are like. I fancy you are as unlike as possible your lawless cousin Susan. You are more dignified and graceful; more accomplished every way. You have seen so much of city life; you have travelled so much, and in such beautiful lands, the polished and the beautiful must have taken full possession of you, of your mind and your person. Your letters are perfection. Not one law of graceful composition is ever violated; not one weak sentiment, or foolish thing is ever written. Haven't you seen how different I am? If I were writing to the Queen of Great Britain and the Indies, I should never take heed what I wrote. I should still write those things that would have "made Quintilian stare and gasp." I can imagine that there are better ways; but this is the only

one for me, I am so distressed forthwith, if I set about *revising* myself or my ways.

I must prepare you for great simplicity in my home also. See us then just as we are—in the midst of neighbors whom we love and who love us. Beautiful prospects, flowers, shrubs, vines and shade-trees, are without; within, kindness, effort to make home good and happy; the blues sometimes, sometimes passion; but sorrow for it directly, and a more careful, an humbler walk afterwards; intelligent visitors often from the villages and from other towns; books of the very highest order in the lines of sermons, essays, history, poetry and fiction; periodicals, twelve in number, and ranging in quality, from the "Knickerbocker"—brother-in-law would say from the "Harbinger," he ranks that foremost—down to the Patriot and Statesman.

You know that we are poor. Our little farm bears us goodly portions for our barn and for our cellar; but has no mine of precious stones, you know, no tree of golden fruit; and there are so many wants! Factitious wants, utilitarians call them. I, too, in the spirit too common amongst us of bowing and saying "aye" to all sorts of axioms, I have repeated to myself and to others what has been said often of Western emigration: "If people would voluntarily deny themselves here, as they do of necessity out west, they would get rich here as easily as there." *Apropos*, were we to deny ourselves everything but the food we *must* eat, and this of the simplest kinds; the clothes we *must* wear, and these of the cheapest fabrics; if we were to make a grand sacrifice of library, pictures, cabinet, stop our periodicals, make no journeys, allow ourselves no visitors, no mail correspondence; but, on the contrary, just bring ourselves to

"Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime,"

from January's morning until December's evening, then we might grow rich; we should. We should have bank-stock and rail-road scrip. We should be denying ourselves here as we would be denied out west, and cannot you imagine what poverty and leanness would come to our souls? We

would never stop then to look away there into the dark shades of the old woods, and feel our hearts grow warm and thankful as we looked. We would never go into the garden, and, stooping low, look into the blue eyes of the pimpernel, learning lessons of quiet faith in Him who clothes the heart of the flowers in beauty, not the less carefully, that He moveth the waters, ruleth the firmament and conducteth the storm. We would never read D'Israeli, Macauley, Dickens, Irving, Channing, and grow strong, loving, full of noble purpose as we read. We would "cut" our beloved, the moonlight and the splendid sun-setting, the rainbow and the dew-drops, the snow flake and wreath. We would sit within and mind those affairs that belong to woman. Our fingers should be kept flying over some kind of work—no matter what, if it were only *work—work*; and not amusement, not play of any kind whatever. We would open our eyes with eager interest only when our father computed the gains of last week in sundries sold in the market; of this week in the sale of the spavined horse for ten times his real worth. And thus on; and we would grow rich; and shrewd men would say of us—"They're getting along swimmingly up there.—They're trying now to buy Mr. Law's shares in the Montreal road. But I declare it ain't so pleasant up there as it used to be. It seems to me they ain't taking so much comfort."

No, Julia! Heaven knows we should not take so much comfort; and comfort I take it is life's best commodity, because it always comes to us of enlightened consciences, in doing that which is right for *us*, with *our* tastes, our propensities, our sense of duty, enlightened by all the good precept we can gather, all the effort and prayer we can give.

Now, therefore, let me leave off this writing, and go and ask Hal to swing his hat and give three cheers for things just as they are, and three more for the progress we will henceforth make.

Thanks to good uncle and aunt that they will come; that they will bring you to us.

I am thine,

SUSAN L.—.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW SOFTLY THE MOONLIGHT.

How softly the moonlight
Shades the blue sea,
Shedding her mellow light
Bright o'er the lea.

Lightly she sends a beam
On a bright wave,
Foaming the waters gleam
In their wild rave.

Gently a silver ray
Kisses the spire,

Darting back bright as day
From the gilt wire.

Slowly the silver god
Wends her bright way,
Shining on mountain sod,
Gilding the bay.

Gently the Evening Queen
Sinks to her rest,
Last of her rays are seen
Lock'd in her breast.



GEORGE



GEORGEY.

GEORGEY.

WHEN the engraving of the gallant Hungarian leader was prepared for our Magazine, he was almost the foremost man among the military heroes of Europe; but since then he has fallen from his commanding position as the leader of a patriot army, and it is yet to be known whether the Hungarian Georgey will be ranked among the heroes or the traitors of the world. A cloud rests upon his name; he gave up his army to the enemies of his country and has been pardoned by them, but he is one of the brave men who have struggled against tyranny during the past year in Europe, and we hesitate to brand him as a traitor to the cause of Liberty, while we are not in full possession of all the facts and motives which caused his defection to the cause which, for awhile, he so nobly served. Like Benedict Arnold, he seems to have looked forward to a position for himself more than to freedom for his country. If he was not untrue to the cause he had espoused, he was lacking in that self-sacrificing steadfastness of purpose which distinguishes the true hero from the heroic adventurer. It appears that he was not fully trusted by Kossuth, and the fact of his pardon by Austria weighs heavily against him. The despots of Europe do not pardon those whom they have cause to fear. For the honor of truth and freedom we hope that Georgey will be justified by revelations yet to be made, and that the portrait which we present our readers will prove that of a true hero, whose name can be spoken with reverence, and whose history will serve to strengthen the hands of patriots, while it palsies the arm of tyranny. The portrait of Georgey is copied from an authentic picture of the gallant Hungarian, and will convey a correct idea of his *physique* and costume.

At the best it seems to have been a mere personal ambition which induced Georgey to embark in the hazardous cause of Hungarian Independence. He was not bred a soldier, but was a man of science, his acquirements and his talents were of the first order, but he lacked the genius, the clear sightedness, sagacity, the high heroic quality which made Kossuth the leader of his countrymen, and which can alone fit a man to be the deliverer of his people. He was not a Moses, nor a William Tell, nor a Cromwell, nor a Washington.—Real heroes have not been so numerous, but they may be counted on your fingers. Lord Byron, in his wicked poem of Don Juan, says: "I want a hero, an uncommon want;" but there is no want more difficult to supply. During the past two years a mushroom crop of heroes have been gathered in Europe, they sprung up like toad-stools all over the hot beds of corruption, but how few among them all proved genuine. France, which made such promises in the beginning, has added nothing to the stock of heroic greatness; her mushroom heroes all proved wanting in fibre when they were tested. Germany has done no better; Italy has sunk back into indolent despotism; priests and princes still reign supreme in that land of promise; the Pope has regained his throne in

Rome; and Hungary, the last strong-hold which gave hopes of a successful resistance to the combined powers of tyranny, has at last been lost to freedom by the weakness, if not by the treachery, of the man whose portrait we had selected as

"One of the few, the immortal names
That are not born to die."

But the only great name that remains to the world out of the army of heroes, whose deeds startled the world but a fortnight back, is that of Kossuth, who, in his defeat, is still a hero.

"And he, let come what will of woe,
Has saved the land he strove to save;
No Cossack herds, no traitor's blow,
Can quench the voice, shall haunt his grave."

Kossuth having resigned his authority into the hands of Georgey, the latter immediately resigned his army and the rights of the Magyars to the Russian General. The following proclamation to the nation, was the last official act of the military leader:

GEORGEY TO THE NATION.

CITIZENS: The Provisional Government exists no more. The Governor and Minister have voluntarily retired from office. Under these circumstances it becomes necessary to establish a Military Dictatorship, which, together with the Chief Civil power, I provisionally assume. Citizens: Whatever can be done for the country, under these adverse circumstances, I will do, either in war, or in the way of peace, as need shall require; in all cases, however, I will act so, that the sacrifices which have been borne may be mitigated, and that persecutions, cruelties and murder may cease. Citizens: the state of things is extraordinary, the blows of fate are crushing; in such a situation calculation beforehand is not possible.—My only advice and wish is that you should retire quietly to your habitations; and that you should not mix yourselves up with resistance and battles, even when the enemy is in possession of your town; for you can, according to the greatest probability, only obtain security for your persons and property by remaining quiet in your homes, and attending to your civil occupations. Citizens: Whatever fate God, in His inscrutable decrees, destines for us, we will resign ourselves with manly resolution to bear, upheld by the inspiring consciousness that the true right can never, through all eternity, be lost. Citizens! God with us.

ARTHUR GEORGEY.

In his letter to General Klapka, announcing the termination of the struggle for national independence, he says:

"I am a Hungarian. I love my country above all things, and I followed the dictates of my heart, which urged me to restore peace to my poor and ruined country, and thus to save it from perdition. General, this is the motive of what I did at Vilagosh. Posterity will judge me.

THE WILD HORSE AND THE INDIAN CHIEF.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

It was in the spring of 1837. In front of Fort Gibson, a military post, situated on the borders of the Indian territory, a number of officers there in garrison, were amusing themselves with games, races, foot-ball, shooting and boxing, and they seemed heartily to enjoy the bright sunny day, which after long storms called the flowers upon the prairie again, and decorated the fruit trees, with their first blossoms.

Suddenly an Indian, mounted upon a splendid snow-white stallion, was seen galloping towards them, along the bank of the Arkansas, close to the edge of the stream; he checked the foaming, smoking animal near the group, which soon gathered around him, admiring both horse and horse-man. He had caught the beast only two days before upon the prairie, where it was roaming in native wildness, and he was riding, as he said, toward the settlements, in order to barter it for the commodities with which the poor savage had once been unacquainted, but which now, alas, are indispensable to him.

"What! to the settlements?" cried a captain of dragoons, named Brown, as soon as he heard of the red man's purpose. "You are going to the settlements, Kolibri? The d—! what would the people there do with such a noble animal? Come here, Indian, I will buy him of you, but—you must first shoot me a buffalo, from his back, without losing your seat. If you can do that, I will give you the half of what you ask, and my double-barrelled gun into the bargain. What say you?"

A smile of mockery played over the Indian's lips as he listened to these conditions. Lose his seat! The thought was an insult, and his vanity was doubly irritated at hearing a white man cast a doubt upon his horsemanship.

"Let the Longknife," he replied, gloomily, "ride this mustang only a single time, before that buffalo skin, that is spread out yonder, and if he does not then kiss his mother, I will try what I can do upon the skin that covers the live buffalo."

"Good! excellent!" cried the bystanders; and Captain Brown, with a laugh, accepted the Indian's challenge.

"Good, Kolibri!" he said, while his servant brought a saddle and bridle. "I will do what I can; but as you understand how to manage horses better than any white man that I ever saw, I should like to have you put this gear upon the restive creature."

The Indian smiled grimly at the flattery, beckoned to one of the soldiers to step forward, and directed him to hold the horse's head, while, in spite of his kicking and plunging, he put saddle and bridle upon the rearing, stamping animal.—He then took the horse by the bridle, but murmured with a scornful glance at the saddle—"Bad

thing to spare horse—bad thing to spare rider—white man's invention plagues man and beast!"

In the meanwhile Brown, who was an excellent horseman, having, with an experienced glance, satisfied himself that every thing was in order, grasped the bridle, and leaped lightly into the saddle.

The Indian, at once, set the snorting beast at liberty, and it bounded away like the wind, leaping and plunging, as if resolved to unseat its rider. But the bridle was in the hands of a master; it was, in truth, a charming spectacle to see the prudence, firmness and dexterity with which the captain initiated the noble, but restive animal into the mysteries of the snaffle. After its headlong fire had somewhat abated, and before he touched it with the spur, he rode it slowly and quietly back and forth across the prairie, and Kolibri watched, with admiring satisfaction, the skill and gentleness with which the captain managed the untutored beast.

After having ridden the horse around in a wide circle, Captain Brown galloped back towards the spectators, and then turned the animal's head, suddenly and sharply, toward the frame, pointed out by the Indian, upon which hung a fresh and still bleeding buffalo skin, spread out to dry. It is true, a slight elevation of the soil, as yet, prevented the horse from seeing it, but he, doubtless, scented it; for he stopped short, snorting and stamping, and drew in his finely arched neck.—But a practised and skilful horseman like Captain Brown cared but little for the fear or anger of the foaming stallion; a slight touch of the spur sent him leaping furiously forward, and, at the third bound, he found himself close and directly before the object of his aversion and terror.

For a moment a cloud of dust hid man and horse; when it disappeared, Captain Brown was seen as firmly seated in the saddle as ever.

Laughing, he now galloped back the flying steed to his comrades, and gave the bridle into the hands of the Indian, who stroked and patted the animal and led him carefully, to and fro, upon the plain.

"The savage has acquired a good idea of your horsemanship, captain!" said one of the officers; "he was astonished and delighted to see you manage the beast so well."

"Yet it is singular," replied Brown, "that so shrewd an Indian does not seem to understand how to anticipate the movements of his horse, as well as a white man, who is a practised rider.—All he thinks of is, to guide and restrain his beast, to keep his seat, and to shoot game from the back of the animal, when at full speed—while, perhaps, at the very moment, that he leans to one side for this purpose, the horse starts toward the other, and then he is almost sure to be thrown."

"I do not quite comprehend you," said the officer, who had been educated at the military school at West Point, and who had but lately been transferred to these distant Western regions.

"Well, listen then!" said Brown; "when, for example, you bend sidewise from the saddle, to take aim at any object, while riding at full speed, and the horse 'shies' toward the other side, or leaps backward, it is pretty plain that horse and man must part."

"But how do you explain that? I do not understand—"

"Explain to me first," said Brown, "how it is that you can place a glass, filled with water, in a bucket, and swing it around your head, without spilling a drop?"

"Why, the water keeps its place by the pressure of the atmosphere, and the centrifugal force."

"And the rider loses his place exactly by the same law," replied Brown, drily.

"You will find it hard to prove that," replied the young officer, warmly. "The glass is an inanimate body; a man, on the contrary, is a living being, endowed with motion; he can change his position, and accommodate his movements to those of the horse. If your remark is more than a mere supposition, we should certainly find it confirmed in the works of the old masters, and still, I have never heard of this rule, neither have I ever seen it represented in any paintings in the chief cities of Europe."

"I have never crossed the Atlantic," replied Brown, modestly, "and, except the battle of Bunker's Hill, and the battle of New Orleans, which hang in my quarters, I have never seen many pictures or *works*, as you call them. The New York Spirit of the Times sends us, now and then, pictures of horses, down here in this region. But stay! now that you talk of old paintings, I remember one that I saw once; it was on one of those floating Museums, as they call them, on the Mississippi. But if you believe all that you see on those things, you would believe that the moon was a cheese. There were Indians with woolly heads like niggers, and bears with long tails; now people that paint men and bears in that way, can't know much about horses."

"An old painting, in a floating Museum, on the Mississippi?" cried the young lieutenant from West Point, shocked at the ignorance of his superior officer.

"To be sure, and a very old one too," rejoined the captain. "The gilt frame around it was as black as my hat, and the picture itself looked as if it had lain, time out of mind, in tobacco juice."

"A painting of one of the old masters!" cried the young man, unable to recover from his astonishment.

"Why, to own the truth," replied Brown, "I did not take much trouble to find out who had painted it, but it was old enough, and belonged to an old fellow; so far as I know or care, it may have been painted by one of his grandfather's niggers—it's like enough."

A sudden exclamation from Kolibri interrupted this grave dissertation upon art and artists; he was pointing toward the horizon. The officers had scarcely looked in the direction toward which

his arm was extended, when the joyous cry—"Buffaloes! by all that lives! a herd of buffaloes!" echoed from mouth to mouth.

"It is impossible!" cried Captain Brown.—

"By heaven, it can't be! Thunder and lightning! so near, at this season. My horse here, my lad! Quick, fellow! buffaloes so near the fort at this time of the year. Glorious! and, in fact, the cloud of dust yonder is almost too thick for a band of traders. What say you to it, Kolibri, what say you, Indian?"

The young warrior had, in the meanwhile, removed the saddle and bridle from the noble animal, and before replying he leaped upon its back, and gazed attentively across the prairie.

"Speak, Indian! speak!" exclaimed the captain, with increasing impatience, "what sees Kolibri?"

"He sees Captain Brown's double barrelled gun in his wigwam, and much buffalo meat for the soldiers before sundown."

"Away then!" exclaimed Brown, springing quickly into the saddle. "If that's the case, I must keep as close as possible to this white mustang to see how he stands the trial."

The Indian slackened the bridle to his wild horse, and Captain Brown, who was admirably mounted, spurred closely upon the traces of the chief.

Followed by the remaining officers, they soon reached the herd, which, on perceiving their assailants, at once took to flight. The horses gained upon them, however. Kolibri seemed, at first, to have selected a fat young cow for his victim, but, from a feeling of pride, he scorned the easy prey, and spurred furiously after the leader of the buffaloes, an enormous bull. By thus aiming at the head of the herd he caused the beasts to disperse, in wild confusion, over the plain, and the chase became scattered. But, in the midst of this disorder, Kolibri still pursued the victim that he had selected. He spurred his steed along its flanks, waiting for a favorable opportunity to shoot.—Three times he had raised his bow, but as often, husbanding his arrows in true Indian-wise, he had refrained, seeking a sure and deadly aim.

The herd now plunged across a marshy spot of ground, and the Indian's horse, although not wearied, had lost somewhat of its wild impetuosity, and obeyed more willingly the sure hand of its rider. Dashing through the breaking reeds, at the side of the enormous animal, the noble beast found dry and firm soil beneath his feet, almost at the same moment that the buffalo extricated itself from the marsh, but, on reaching solid ground, the latter seemed to have gained new courage; it wheeled suddenly, and lowering its shaggy head towards its pursuer, it, in its turn, became the assailant.

This movement determined the chief to shoot. Never had an Indian taken surer aim, never had a bowstring been drawn with a firmer hand, never did more agile limbs press the flanks of a noble, wildly rushing steed—when, on the right hand, a second buffalo, which the officers were hunting before them, dashed onward close behind him; but the Indian had an eye for his victim alone.—Raising his bow, he drew the string to his shoulder,

and the deadly arrow pierced the heart of the wild animal, the shaft burying itself in the flesh to its feather head. At the very moment that the bold son of the prairie took a mortal aim at his enemy, and, bending sideways to the right, dispatched his fatal weapon, his steed, already affrighted at the tumult around him, scented the buffalo that was thundering onward in his rear.—With a sudden, trembling start he leaped aside to

the left, and the chief, forgetting his seat at the moment, or, perhaps, unable to preserve it, was hurled, from the saddle, upon the horns of the furious animal, which was now in the act of passing him.

The next moment Captain Brown reached him, but all was over. Near the dead buffalo lay the pride of his nation, the young and dauntless chief-tain of the Cumanches. His blood was mingled with that of his victim.

THE PRAYER.

BY ENNA.

SUNRISE was not yet gilding the glittering dew drops upon the tendrils of the vine, the sweet odours of the deep, choral tubes of the woodbine, stole softly to the couch of the sleeping girl, and the note of her own crumb-fed bird was bidding her come forth and look upon the young buds, which the gentle softness of the night had brought into maturity. It was a morning of tranquil loveliness, the misty vapour was curling and dissipating upon the hill-side—the dark, deep pond lay unrippled at the foot, while the red and purple clouds were rising higher and higher above the tall trees, as the glorious king of the morning sent forth his heralds to proclaim his coming. The air was vocal with the early matin, the cock with his shrill clarion marshaled his barn-yard train, the robin piped his lay, and the lark soared as if to greet the majesty of day-spring.

The cot of Helen Lee was far up in a quiet glen, and no sounds, save those of labor, had ever troubled the feathery and bright company among the great branches of the old wood—little robins had built their nests in familiar places about the mossy eaves, and the fish hawks cradled their young in the grey pines; beneath, the wild grape in natural drapery formed the sweetest bower, and hung its rich fruit quite in the little window of the maidens bed-chamber. She arose, and quickly arranging the toilet where vanity had no voice, noiselessly threw open the lattice that had shut out her little winged songster, and, in the companionship of nature's ministers, held communion with her God. The little bird, who had so jealously disturbed the slumbers of the early dawn, had flitted upon her shoulder, and, softly folding its wings, stilled its notes as the voice of sincerity lay its small offering of gratitude upon the altar which no eye hath seen. Lovingly the words of our Saviour fell from the lips of the gentle girl, as she said "Our Father"—and the simple neighbors, beyond the rude crossings of the dark pond, were embraced in the feeling of Helen as she spoke for all—for all were of one family in the singleness of her pure spirit, and God was their Father. And, although the beauty which grew about her daily

walks would make her feel that the earth, with its sunshine and flowers, were a throne fitting the Eternal, still she felt that he was encompassed by a greater glory, such as is "in heaven;" and for the good which she enjoyed in her peaceful home, and for the content of a happy spirit, she uttered, from the depths of holiness, "hallowed be thy name." When the duties of her domestic cares were accomplished, the smooth cape and bonnet were loosened from their hiding place, and, with a small store for the needy, she would trip over the soft grass, and entering the door of distress, her actions spoke what her morning orisons now breathed, "Thy kingdom come;" but if the sorrowing soul uttered words of despair, she would twine her arms winningly about the sufferer, and, drawing the small volume from her bosom, she would open to the words "Thy will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven;" and thus soothing the broken-hearted. The luxuries coveted by the great had never reached the board where sat the aged Patriarch gracing the meal as with a crown of silver, yet, as the sweet loaf was laid beside the tray, they bowed their head in acknowledgement, that from on high "was given their daily bread." A reproof from a sinless conscience, even waited upon the day, which set its sun upon a supposed duty unperformed, and earnestly did this pure girl pray "to be forgiven the debt she had neglected to pay," as she fervently forgave those who had remained "her debtors;" the paths of temptation had never crossed her way, but the hope that she might never be "led therein" was the hope of one who, knowing not "evil," still feared it, and sought a constant deliverance from it; and the petition was in the belief always, that he whom she approached was Lord over all "in the kingdom," with "Power and Glory," and that "for ever." And this day, as the bird still rested on her shoulder, the dim woods seemed a fitting temple for the Anthem, and the whispering of the leaves, stirred by the early breeze with the melody of the choir, whose notes God has set, was the natural "Amen"—to the Maiden's Prayer.

LONDON BRIDGE.

BY JONATHAN JUST.

WALKING through those vast thoroughfares—Holborn Hill, Cheapside, Poultry, and King William's streets—gaping at and dodging the swift and slow-motioned passengers, you suddenly stumble on London Bridge, and sink into an insignificant one of the throng that is moving at all hours over this wonderful feature of London.

London Bridge is the mortal market of the world, where is exhibited all grades of human nature—from the king to the peasant—the rich to the poor—the aged to the infant. From early morning to the dusk of evening the throng scarcely ceases; but after nightfall eases off, dwindling still less at midnight, and till morning again the bridge will be represented by a few stragglers plodding their way to their homes if they happen to have any.

It is estimated that 80,000 persons pass the bridge every day; and out of this vast multitude it is reasonable to suppose, that there would be a variety of dispositions and characters; and it may not be amiss to suppose, that nearly one-half know scarcely the ordinary comforts of life—the creatures of necessity who obtain their bread literally by the sweat of their brow. They are the descendants of Cain, upon whom the ancient curse has fallen like a cloak—it being the only inheritance of their ancestors, and the heir-loom of their fathers—yes, destined are they for a little prop of the staff of life, to render hours of severe employment. Others again are close observers of the current, no doubt believing their bread is cast upon the waters, and hoping after many days to find it.

There are others who belong to the better classes—better in circumstances—raised by wealth a grade above their neighbors, who, having all they desire of worldly riches, scarcely give a thought about the wants or concerns of others—happily content to mind their business, and taking good care, by acting the part of "faithful Tray" over their pockets, that none of their suspected neighbors shall break the eighth commandment.

In passing London Bridge you must go with the current, for the tide of mortality that flows, vies in force and effect with the ebbing and flowing of the waters below—flesh and blood are carried along as smoothly as the vessels in the muddy stream under them.

You may notice at one-third of the way a philosophical niche, where one might stand his statue, for rest sake or for his own contemplation, and if you are of my mind, you will pay tribute in quiet thanks to the architect, who had remembered that there might be persons in the world given to reflection, or apt to be a little tired just about this spot. In this mood you stop and ponder over the passing droves of your fellow-men, going over the Styx as it were, via the bridge, instead of the mythological *steamboat*, as of old.

There is here exhibited a panorama of human life and all things connected with it—soldiers engaged in the great "battle," many without a day's

ration, and others, as it were, with loaded knapsacks. The rich equipages fall in as a matter of course behind draymen, and the coachman, with his lace-trimmed coat, and the footman, with his white hose and powdered wig, show ludicrously a contrast beside the tatterdemalion suit of the beer vender.

The fine gentleman, whiling away a leisure hour, seems insignificant in happiness and honor, beside the sturdy collier mounted on his wagon, who sings his song, with spirits exhilarated by a pot of ale, and through whose darkened countenance are seen traces of internal light.

There stands a wo-begone fellow, with a melancholy look; he is indifferent to all things around him. What! cannot this vast city with all its variety afford him pleasure!—can he not drown his sorrow in the contemplation that thousands are much worse than he!—can he not take comfort when he beholds that poor woman, after whom follows a string of jewels, who seems by her smiling and happy looks to find pleasure even in her poverty? and she walks merrily on her way, intercepted only by the crowd, comforted by her little ones, who gaily trip behind her, and with their sparkling jet eyes look around upon the scene as one of happiness, and with such radiant eyes as theirs would, like the sun, break their way through the melancholy clouds of this world, stare down sorrow, look misery out of countenance, making them tremble before them.

That grave omnibus seems to be out of place; its suits of sable wo sit ungracefully upon it, and its black plumes wave in triumph over the downfall of mortality. What business has it here among the living? Does it come here for speculating purposes, thinking that, out of 80,000 chances, there will be one victim? Ah! you may perceive by that countenance on the box, melancholy almost to tears, that it already contains a victim, and that it properly belongs to the train of London Bridge. The crowd about move on unceremoniously, that it might make even the dead concerned about themselves, and look out in astonishment at the tumult, and inquire earnestly why this delay in withholding from them the sweets of their last resting-place, after being wearied out with life's dull journey through trouble and anxiety. The mourners are scattered among the crowd far from their object; but so painfully free from sorrow that no body believes them to be sorrowing for him they accompany, being more intent upon saving their own lives than upon any thought of death. The funeral train is then made up of omnibuses and wheelbarrows, phaetons, Broughams, coaches and equipages, beer carts and coal wagons.

What a sad mixture here! There is no aristocracy on London Bridge—no exclusiveness—no chance for singularity, unless one chooses to jump in the water, but who, even for fashion sake, would venture into the muddy stream with his antics.—Here the servant is necessarily free from his mas-

ter, for no law is observed, although the bridge be said to be fairly crowded with *statues*. There is a dog lost in the crowd—perplexed and out of humor, no wag of his tail to denote to the contrary—his keen scent avails him naught, for his nose is against everybody, like an attentive courtier smelling out a suit—he is now hanging upon a tallow-chandler—(curious taste!)—perhaps, however, it is his master—yes, he halts—“*de gustibus non.*”

Look over the bridge into the muddy stream—the river that carries, through its narrow channel, ships laden with the merchandise of the vast world. What incalculable riches find their way to this stupendous city! whose treasures are like the glories of Solomon’s temple and “the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.” The river is alive with vessels, bound out and in, which have now brought their gold dust and carrying some rich barter in return. Look at those black swans, with their long iron necks, swimming against the current and carrying on their backs hundreds of the floating population: see, too, the wherrymen, in their little barges, sculling opposition to London Bridge, for the benefit of those who desire to save their *robes*—how truly emblematic of those times when Charon was a ferry-master and transported subjects beyond the Styx to the regions of other worlds.

Look around you: who would not imagine that, from the continual smoke hanging over London, there was a great manufactory of clouds, and from the rain that followed, that a pluvial pump, on the principle of Aldgate, was worked by a set of cold

water people and a nation that loved the damp atmosphere—atmosphere as thick as pudding—that might be stirred with church steeples and scooped up, if you choose, by inverted cupolas.

Looking back, you see, huddled together, fifty church spires, dim and dismal in appearance, as if the smoke had turned Christian and had made them its pendant bed and procreant cradle. In the midst of all these insignificant spires rise the two of St. Paul’s, together with its expansive and beautiful dome, seeming to spread itself out to fill up the concave space into which it soars, holding a place in the midst of the little ones as a double alderman among a bevy of small constables. The Cathedral extends itself, in happy contrast, above its fellows—a proud representative of the Established Church—a devout defender of the faith—a happy mother hen who has thus carefully gathered her chickens under her wings, and they, in turn, seem to extend their necks, growing, as it were, by generations, with the faint hope of one day reaching the height of their maternal guardian, while others have left off, tired out or cut off in the very sphere of their uprising.

After these meditations, does it not occur to the thoughtful mind, painful as may be the reflection, that, in a few short years, the place that now knows them will know them no more for ever—that even in the over-crowded city, death will find us out—that we shall go over the bridge of sighs, (for this life is such) to the land of our fathers, to the place appointed for all the living—the little narrow house—the grave—just over the bridge.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY L. G. A.

SUMMER 's gone! its brilliant hours
All have quickly passed away,
All its fondly cherished flowers
Gone—or tending to decay.

Gorgeous clouds, and azure mornings,
Golden, radiant, sunset dyes;
Blossoms, leaves, our earth adorning,
Vanished! or in ruin lies!

Summer 's gone! its winged hours
Bright with all that God had given,
'Mid the radiance of flowers
Bore their message back to heaven.

Summer 's gone! and winds are sighing
In a cadence, hoarse and low,

Darker clouds around are flying,
Streams in deeper murmurs flow.

And if ever thoughts of sadness
O'er the heaving bosom steal,
'Tis that summer's light and gladness,
Some bright eyes no more will feel!

Summer 's gone—and all its beauty,
Oh! how transient was its bloom,
Ever calling us to duty
Ever pointing to the tomb!

Farewell Summer! thus departed,
Friendly warnings thou dost give,
May thy lessons thus imparted,
Teach us better how to live!

AQUILA CHASE.

BY MARY M. CHASE.

CHAPTER I.

So they came from Christian countries, to escape from
Christian tortures ;
And they found among the heathen gentle word and
kindly look :
Oh ! when God shall call the nations to their reckoning will
he write them,
The *savage* or the *civilized* within his holy Book ?

MORNING in the primeval forest ! Morning, and the flaming gold of Autumn ! The red birds and orioles fluttered their wings in harmony with the swaying of the scarlet leaves, but sang not.—Heavily drooped the hemlocks their mournful branches in the silence, while the gay maples, triumphing in death, gathered around them the remnants of their summer robes, all blood-tinged and storm-wasted, and made a brave show of dancing with the breezes.

Close up to the shadow of the forest, and between it and the sea, lay a narrow strip of corn-field, with the yellow ears bared to the sun, dotted in many places with the black stumps of trees.—The woodland creatures were busy ; the squirrels and raccoons stole into the fields to snatch a morsel of the tempting harvest, and the red deer, allured by the scent of the tobacco plantations, stood in the edge of the woods and snuffed the perfumed air. A narrow river crept through level banks lazily to the sea, which sent up its tide many a mile to meet it.

In the midst of this cultivated spot, by the brink of the stream, a village, a very small village, only some half dozen houses was nestled. Enormous apple-trees, whose limbs must have bent before the sea-storms, long years ere these pale-faced villagers dwelt there, clustered around the hamlet. The houses were constructed of logs with coarse palings fencing in a small garden-plot before each door. There was little elegance attempted about them ; a stern, simple aspect had taken its place. Trailing vines, flowering shrubs, or gay borders there were none ; but homely sage and thyme, roots of marjorum and balm, and some other medicinal herbs shared the enclosure with esculent roots and vegetables.

It would have been easy to wreath the fragrant creepers from the forest around those little windows ; or transplant the sweet grape vines that grew abundantly in the deer paths, to form an arbor over those low door-ways. Blossoming wild thorn would have fenced in the gardens as securely as the rough stakes did, and by their fragrance and leafiness attracted the summer birds to sing and build there. The narrow river, the pretty Acoaxet, would have floated gay-pennoned skiffs as safely as she bore those rude, unpainted boats that lay tied to the shore.

The interior of those cabins was as severely plain and destitute of ornament, as the exterior. No dust dimmed the white walls ; no stains defaced the splint-bottomed chairs, and the uncar-

peted floors were white as the sea-sand that strewed them. This stern thrusting aside of external grace and polish, seemed to mark a very different class of people from those who generally came to seek their fortunes in the new world.—And different indeed were they who dwelt there, from the gay cavaliers, or the sword-wielding Puritans of the times, though born on the same soil, that of England.

They belong to a sect, few in number, but strong of heart ; new in name, but old in faith ; who recognizing, each in himself, a commissioned laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, refused to bind themselves to the car of priesthood or royalty, and so came forth into the wilderness, into the near presence of Him whom they worshipped.

No written creed was theirs ; no form of divine service fettered the aspirations of the deacons soul ; no churches with golden altars and sounding organs were reared by them ; they revered no power or ordinance of earthly establishing ; the rich man inspired them with no respect, the poor and miserable with no contempt. External beauty, whether of person, or clothing, or house, or furniture, they cared not for ; yet their sublime meditations on the love, the goodness, the divinity of Him, the Saviour, their great pattern—the exalted views of life and futurity which guided them—the holy thoughts which filled their minds in their frequent silent communings with each other, gifted them with a spiritual beauty which lay upon the heads of man and woman, youth and maiden, like a light from Heaven. This bestowed grace upon their severely plain apparel, and made him who entered their doors feel that no palace with its gorgeous decorations could have inspired him with so much awe.

They were Quakers ; each in himself a king, what had he to do in the presence of royalty ? Each in himself a servant, how could he exercise the power with which the institutions of his country invested him over his inferiors ? So they came to the wilderness, to the near presence of Him whom they worshipped. They came not through peril and suffering, for He guarded them. No song of praise nor hymn of rejoicing broke the stillness of the lone shore where they landed, for each felt that inspired uplifting of the soul which words cannot express.

They were rich, for needless profusion had not drained their purses, and the Lord had kept the granary full, from which the poor, the afflicted, and the prisoner drew comfort and support.—There were Indian cornfields and orchards in Apunnegansett,* the place where they had come, and, for ample store of blankets and hatchets, they bought the land of its owners, and perpetual peace and love was henceforth established between them and the Wampanoags. Freely came the warriors, stripped of their paint and feathers, into the cabins

* Now Westford, Mass.

of the Quakers, or Friends, as they beautifully styled themselves, and heard the simple exposition of their faith, which they, rude and unlettered as they were, easily comprehended. They looked upon this people as akin to themselves in daring, who calmly, and without weapons, came and dwelt in their midst. Their wordless worship, their voiceless prayers, their silent waiting for the promptings of the Great Spirit, they better understood than did the world-warped persecutors across the water; and on the Sabbath day, and in the middle of the week, when they left their employments and kept Sabbath for a morning, many an aged chief, or athletic hunter, or dark-haired girl, her bright wampum left at home, and the pretty braidings of her locks unplaited, stepped lightly across the threshold, and set with them to receive the blessings of the God whom they all loved and feared.

Sometimes in these meetings, the old Sachem who dwelt many miles away on the banks of the Acushnett, who had hunted moose in the shade of the trees from whose seeds the present century old forest had sprung, rose and told the little assembly how the Great Spirit had often spoken to him in dreams, and when he was alone in the woods; and how he was moved to rise and slay these, his hearers, when he first saw them kindling their fires by the Acoaxet, and how, as he sharpened his war-hatchet, a voice called to him, and told him to stay his hand, for they were brethren.

He spake of strange, sweet whispers, that sounded sometimes in his ears, and told of peace and love; that thousands of moons ago, when he led his warriors through the cedar swamps to fight the Narragansetts, a green bird flew before him, and sat on a bough, and sang such a glorious song of faith and friendship, that he dared go no farther, and went back with his men, and he knew it was the Great Spirit's messenger, for afterwards he learned that a little farther on, in the war-path, the Narragansetts lay in ambush in a deadly hollow, and would have cut them all off. Then he told them that he was very old and would soon die, but he would bear with him to the land of the blest a petition for these, his gentle friends, and that the Great Spirit would assuredly give them corn every year, and send the fish to their shores, and make game very abundant for them. Powerful though simple were the old warrior's words when he spake of his rude faith, and they felt that the heathen had indeed a law unto them in their hearts.

CHAPTER II.

Wild are the tales that the Indian tells
Of the spirits that people his woods and dells;
Of the shadowy hunters that chase his deer;
Of cries that float through the midnight drear;
Of strange, bright beings, that sometimes come
From the better land to his forest home.
To dwell with him for a season, and then
Depart to their distant home again.

AMONG the settlers was one Aquila Chase, and his wife Anna Wheeler. He was descended from an ancient and honorable family of Cornwall,

England, distinguished from the days of the Conqueror, not for proneness in fight, according to the barbarous custom of those ages, but for stern virtue, fearless protesting against injustice, and frequent sufferings for conscience sake. One of his ancestors had been martyred in the dungeon of Little Ease, adjoining Bishop Langdon's palace, in the reign of the bloody Queen Mary.

Rightly was he named *Aquila*, for the bald eagle that wrestled with the tempest and careered above the forest, or brooded upon the crag, was not more dauntless or independent than he. Without a sigh he had left his pleasant home in Cornwall, to find an Eyrie on the coast of America, and willingly his gentle wife had accompanied him. His strongly marked features, his keen grey eyes and wide forehead betokened the presence of intellect, while his sinewy arm, his tall form and firm tread, seemed peculiarly to fit him for a pioneer in a new world. Already the bow of the Indian hunter was as familiar to his hand as the firelock, and the old family name belonging to a race renowned for their fondness of woodland sports, appeared likely to be well maintained by him.

In those early times, game was almost the whole dependence of the settler for animal food, and the stalwart Aquila was the purveyor for the village. The fish that swarmed the shores were valuable, too, and every fortnight he went out in his large boat to Cuttyhunk, or Penakees, or Nashwinrow, and returned laden to the water's edge with his scaly spoil. Neither did he disdain to stoop his broad shoulders in the corn-field and flax-patch, and no man's holding was better filled than his.

He was possessed of sound understanding; but with more romance and imagination than was usually found among that quiet sect. His solitary excursions upon the ocean, often fraught with peril and full of stormy and sublime interest, as well as his wanderings in the forest, either alone, or with some swift-footed hunter of the Wampanoags, to whose legends and stories of savage life and superstition he listened with profound attention, tended to increase this development. He saw the wild waters heave around him, and heard the wind shriek past his little sail; but full of confidence in Him he came so far to serve, he beheld the strife of winds and waters fearlessly, and felt his spirit rise amid the turmoil. In the forest, the unaccustomed tones of strange birds and beasts, the dark shadows, the uncouth piles of rocks that often lay in the way, more than all, the rudely spiritual tales of his companions, deeply excited his imaginative mind. He saw in these narratives the strong up-struggling of untutored intellect and natural religion toward the light; that they were at once the twilight of old and better days, and the dawn of brighter ones.

Once he stood beside the old chief of the Acushnett, who hunted no longer. He had bestowed his bow on the eagle of his white friends, for he knew that his strength was departing. Once he had sung war-songs, and told of his battles, and showed the scalps that hung in his lodge, when the young men called on him for tales of his youth;—now, he said that the Great Spirit had shown him that these things were wicked and

displeasing in his sight, and he would speak of them no more.

"My son," said the old warrior, "before I die I will tell thee of Mawshop, king of the Wampanoags. The white man has never heard his sacred name till now. He dwells alone in the thickest swamps and on the highest hills. He is as old as the ocean. He can never die. He is the son of the Great Spirit. No man now living has ever seen him except I, the chief of the Acushnett. I am the friend of Mawshop. My father was his friend. He is a good king; he sends the game into our woods and makes wild fowl very plenty. We carry venison, and deer skins, and berries on the hills for him and leave them there; then he comes and takes them away; and we know by that, that our king is pleased. I shall see him again before I die. I have hunted with him all day. He never speaks, but I know what he thinks without speaking. Our king is like a tall pine tree in height, and as strong as a hundred panthers; but he is like a dim mist. He walks over the sea, and over the swamps, and through the forests all the same. Great is Mawshop, King of the Wampanoags! When I die, thou shalt be his friend. Carry him a present of tobacco to the top of yonder hill, on the night of the new moon, and thou shalt see him, for I will speak to Mawshop to make thee his friend.

"Sometimes our women hang their children upon the boughs of the trees, and go to their work, and when they come back, one is gone. Five times hath it so happened since my days began. Let me tell thee, young eagle, it was Mawshop who came to carry them away with him, that they might become famous hunters and wise men. One of them once came back; it was my son. Straight and slender of limb was he as the birch sapling, and he wore a crown of feathers as bright as the sun. His robes were of a hundred colors, and covered with strange figures curiously wrought.—There were stones in his bow that dazzled my old eyes to behold; they shone like the morning sun on the ocean. His wampum was of blood-red shells, and on his arms and his neck were bands of shining yellow metal. His tongue was not the tongue of the Wampanoags, but soft and pleasant as the voices of the brook and the south-west wind. His eye was like the eye of the wild pigeon for softness, but keen as the hawk's. He abode with us thirteen moons, and told us of a glorious land where he had dwelt, where there never came snow or frost, where the trees had no winter, and the birds were never silent. He told of a people that were dark like us, and strong in battle, and swift in the race, who sung love-songs to the maidens, and wove shining mats for their lodges, and white baskets to hold the fruits that grew all the year round. We knew that this was the country that our fathers had sometimes told us of, where Mawshop loved to hunt, and we were afraid to speak in the presence of my boy who had seen such wonderful things. When the thirteen moons were past, he divided his wampum among the maidens, to braid in their hair, and bidding us farewell, he went away towards the south, into the forest, and through the dark swamp, like a beam of light, and we saw him no more."

Aquila listened to the old chief's story, and then went his way. When he entered his cabin door, his young wife was placing a bountiful meal upon the board, and looking up, exclaimed, "Where is our boy?"

"I left him at the gate when I went away," replied her husband; "hast thou not seen him?"

"I thought thou took him with thee, and he has not been here since thou went away," said Anna, turning deadly pale. It was apparent in a moment, that the child was lost. The other cabins were hurriedly visited, but he was not to be found. This was his fifth autumn, and he often went away in the woods with his father, or into the field, and had never wandered alone before. The neighboring Indians joined in the search, but in vain. That night there was little sleep and much weeping of mothers and children in the village, but bitterest sorrow in the cabin of the lost one.

Days passed on and no tidings came. Then Anna felt that her darling was gone for ever, that some wild beast had carried it away, and rent it to pieces for its young ones a meal. The Indian mothers came and sat around her in silence, with bowed heads, or brought her delicate fruit in pretty baskets, and prayed her to taste them, and at length they prevailed. Her high trust in God came to her relief, and she could say falteringly, "Thy will be done."

But not so her husband. Nothing could induce him to believe that his boy was dead. Day and night he sought him ceaselessly, and only came for a few hours at a time back to his cabin, when his pallid face and blood-shot eyes showed how he had watched and travelled.

The Sabbath came, and all were as usual assembled in one room in silent worship, when the door opened, and the wrinkled face of the aged chief appeared. He entered and sat down opposite the mourning parents, with his head buried in his blanket. In a short time he rose, and in a broken voice addressed them:

"My friends, the young brave is living." A low murmur ran through the little company, but they were too much accustomed to self-control, to show any excitement of feeling at this rejoicing news. The mother closed her eyes and silently thanked God. Aquila gazed fixedly at the chief, who proceeded: "He lives; the King of the Wampanoags has taken him to himself. He is gone to the south country where my beautiful boy dwells. He will be a great hunter, and will wear rich dresses, and Mawshop will make him his son. Be glad, my friends, for the boy is happy."

The listeners' hearts died within them, for they recognized in the speech of the chief a figurative announcement of the boy's death. He lived, indeed, but not for them; no more should they behold him here. All save his father. He reverted instantly to the wild tale of the old chief a few days before, and a sudden belief in its truth sprung up in his mind. He addressed the chief in hurried and excited words. He prayed him, as the friend of the Great King, to win back his child; he was pining for his mother: he was weeping. Then the chief again arose and told the meeting the history of the King of the Wampanoags, and added: "Mawshop thought to do good to the

white friends, for he loves them ; he would make a son of their boy, but they cannot be like the Indians, they are not the children of Mawshop. I will speak to the Great King and he will restore him. To-morrow is the new moon.—Gather all the tobacco you have raised this year, and carry it to the top of the hill above the sea, and there leave it, and Mawshop will come and smoke the pipe of peace there with the boy's father, and give him back his child. But let not any other man stay behind, lest the king be angry and throw him into the sea."

The aged chieftain paused, and that quiet, self-controlled assembly, sat looking at him with grave and unmoved faces, even the children whispered not among themselves. Only the parents of the lost child seemed to feel any astonishment at the communication.

"My friends," he continued, "I am a blasted pine. Ten times has my lodge fallen to pieces from age on the banks of the Acushnett—ten times beside the Seaconnett. I will not now build it again. Who has ever outlived twenty lodges before? Yes, I am no longer a warrior or a hunter, but a greater than these—I am the prophet of the Great Spirit! He has spoken to me, and to you through me. I did not hear a voice, nor the rustling of wings; it was in the dead dark and stillness that the message came.

"Ye are his children, so long as ye dwell apart from evil men, and have no company with them, only to labor to make them good—so long as ye are humble, and kind, and love his red children, and pay every man his debts, and give to the poor, and keep up the bounds of the lands ye have bought, and eat every man the fruit of his own soil, and worship the Great Spirit aright—there shall be rain, and dew, and sunshine upon your fields, your corn shall have many ears, your boats shall go out for fish safely; the deer shall be abundant in your woods, your children shall grow up to be wise and good, and shall see white hairs on their children's heads. Peace shall be with you, and peace shall follow you!

"My friends! the blasted pine will never stand among you again. His branches are fallen; he is alone; he cannot reckon the winters that have rolled over his head. He will speak with the King of the Wampanoags, and die; but he would have his friends come and bury him when he is gone, and remember the old chief of the Acushnett. Farewell!

The meeting broke up and dispersed, but not until they had promised their afflicted brother that the present should be sent to Mawshop, for they saw by the wild eye and haggard face that fever was in his veins, and reason was well nigh tottering. They had no hope of recovering the child, and, though some of the elders feared that it would be like offering sacrifice to a false God, they yielded to the representation that divinity was not claimed for the king. Not one among them believed in the existence of the mist-monarch, and the gentle Anna Chase plead with her husband against his delusion in vain.

CHAPTER III.

Was it a fever dream?

When curious fancies borrow real masks,
And stand up life-like, breathing, by our side.
Truths have been sought by dreams in ancient times,
Then why not now?

On the morrow they gathered the fragrant harvest, and each carried his load up to the hill-top and left it, willingly devoting the fruit of their labor to quiet the mind of their poor brother. Evening came, and Aquila toiled up the ascent with his burden. The pile of tobacco was higher than his head and he deposited his bundle beside it, and went away to a little distance and sat down. He looked at the sea, and the islands away in the distance, and the new moon that hung over the water with her slender crescent. Then he turned and looked at the hill. Who sat there above him? A gigantic figure, dim as a cloud, and tall as a pine of three centuries! It was Mawshop, King of the Wampanoags. He held in his misty hand a pipe of wonderful size and richness. Shining stones flashed like stars around the bowl; the bowl itself was of pearl. Slowly, and without rustling a leaf, he filled the pipe with the huge pile of tobacco. Down, down into that apparently bottomless bowl went the great bundles; at last all was gone, but the pipe was not half full. A sudden flash like a falling star, and the dry leaves were fired, and the giant monarch blew a cloud of smoke from his dim lips.

Silent he sat there on the promontory, with one foot in the ocean at its base, while around him the smoke-cloud wavered and fell. Farther, farther, the blue mist spread through all the hollows and over the plains, settling softly away in the distance.

At last the red light in the bowl of the royal pipe commenced to die away and grow less, the smoke came more and more faintly, the pipe was out. Slowly the king stretched out his giant arm of mist, far over the rocking sea, and emptied the ashes from his pipe; and in the place where they fell, there rose up an island green and fair, and covered with lofty trees. When Aquila turned from gazing at the new island he was alone.—The royal smoker and his pipe had vanished, and he arose and sought his cabin. Quietly he went to rest beside his poor Anna, who saw sickness in his eyes, but she, too, slept at last.

As the morning gleamed above the hills with a pale white light she awoke. A sweet little voice had called to her in her dream, "Mother! mother!" As she lay thinking of her lost child, the word was repeated, "Mother!" She sprang from her bed and opened the unfastened door.—"Mother! mother!" said the sweet little voice. There among the thyme and balm stood her baby, her darling, with his light, fair hair all wet with dew and strung with gossamer. It was her baby, indeed, with his blue eyes full of love. But what a strange, rich dress had fallen from the clouds on him! Moccasins wrought with bright quills encased his little feet; a robe of a hundred colors was fastened around his waist by a belt of blood-red wampum, the precious coral of the South Seas, and a crown of glorious feathers encircled his brow.

The mother fell down there among the thyme and balm, and cried out to God to tell her if this was a dream; and her husband aroused by her voice came out, and found the two there, the child and the mother, and brought them in, and called his brethren and their wives, and the whole company of Friends praised the Lord.

The child told a strange story of bright-eyed girls who had tended him, and curled his hair, and of an old Indian chief who had carried him in his arms, and how he had sailed in a boat and slept in a wigwam; and then they knew that the Indians had carried him away to be a hunter, and a chief in place of the old man who was about to die; but that they had seen the affliction of the Friends, and had brought him back again to bless their hearts.

Sore was the sickness that wasted the form of Aquila, but he recovered at last. He had not yet risen from his bed, when the old chief was carried to his last resting place. When he was once more able to walk about his little farm, and converse with his friends, he could not shake off the conviction that his vision of the King of the Wampanoags was true. For the next morning there was his child restored, and there, too, was the blue smoke resting on all the country, and it remained many days.

At last he launched his boat once more, and set his sail, and turned her head down the river. He kept on to the ocean, and on in the direction where he saw the island, green and beautiful, rise from the sea. The island he found, and the Indians who had beheld it before him had named it

Nantucket. White men came there after him, and cut down the trees, and wasted the strength of the soil, so that the ashes of Mawshop's pipe, when red-hot, could scarcely have been less likely to bear grain; but when Aquila Chase saw it, it was fair and pleasant. He sailed back to Apunnegansett, but a sort of fear lest his children were unsafe in that neighborhood, actuated him to sell his possessions and remove to Hampden in New Hampshire, where he purchased land, and built houses, and reared his children in honor and peace.

The bright-eyed boy who had been adopted by the old king was ever his favorite. He loved hunting and fishing better than books, or toil in the field, and, as years went on and he saw children spring up around his hearth, he remembered the prophecy of the old chief of the Acushnett which his father had told him, and held fast to the faith of his childhood, and taught it to his children. Numerous as the sands of the sea-shore are now the posterity of Aquila Chase and his brethren—and wherever they have kept the faith of their fathers, and dwelt apart from evil men, and paid every man his debts, and given to the poor, and labored to do good, and eaten every man the fruit of his own soil, there, according to the prophecy of their red friend, has been rain, and dew, and sunshine, on their fields, their corn has borne many ears, their boats have gone out for fish in safety, and their children have seen white hairs on their children's heads—peace has been with them, and peace followed them.

Chatham, Col. Co., N. Y.

"QUI VIT."

A Watchman stands on the wall of Life,
By the gloomy gate of Death,
And he hears a faltering footstep come,
And cries with mighty breath,
"Qui Vit?"

A wail rings through the silent night,
'Oh! Watchman dear, I pray
Undo the gate, and let me pass
From the city of Life away!

"Since early morn I have toiled all day
With the crowd in its narrow street,
And now through the night I go to seek
Rest for my weary feet."

"Pass on, pass on unto thy rest,
Oh! feeble soul but true,
And the silent city's golden gates
Shall open to thy view."

The Watchman paces the wall of Life
By the echoing gate of Death,
And he hears the sound of chariot wheels,
And cries with mighty breath,
"Qui Vit?"

"Up, Watchman, haste! undo the gate!
Fling bolt and bar aside,
For a warrior comes in regal state,
On a conqueror's car of pride!"

"No wealth nor power can pass these bars,
No triumph come this way—
No rich-robed monarch hence may go,
But the unclad spirit may."

The Watchman leans from the wall of Life
By the lofty gate of Death,
And he hears a slow and stately tread,
And cries with mighty breath,
"Qui Vit?"

A voice with solemn-thoughted tone,
Makes answer high and clear,—
"My course is run, my race is run,
My master bade me here."

"In the name of him who died on cross,
Who trod this way for me,
I charge thee set the portal wide
And give me egress free!"

GOING INTO WINTER QUARTERS.

BY MARIE.

CHAPTER I.

"Do something I *must*, that is a self-evident proposition," mused Mr. Joel W. Higgins, as he whistled a snatch "*con Furia*," as musicians say, and thrust both hands into his pockets, and marched up and down the drawing-room of his hotel in a state of very perceptible agitation—though he was a calm man naturally—very calm indeed.—"That puppy of a landlord"—Joel was not in the habit of using *hard names*, but he was excited now, and he had bitter provocation too!—hear him. "Yes, I say that *puppy* of a landlord has dared to present the *second* time a little matter of *only* six months' standing, with threatening demonstrations! as if I had not patronised this house for years, and brought company innumerable, and that of the genteel class, to keep it from sinking! as if—as if it were not an *insult* to a gentleman to urge so knavishly for a small matter of board, and *et ceteras*, and *especially*!"—Mr. Joel W. Higgins lowered his voice to a guttural whisper, and spoke decidedly for his own private personal audience—"when a man's *purse* is getting light!"

Mr. Higgins thought he was uttering a *soliloquy*—he intended to do so certainly; but as he paced "to and fro," the heat of his indignation not at all subsiding by the exercise, he saw a bright pair of eyes looking at him with amazement, and I must allow, though it be with a sigh for the untimely levity of my sex, with the richest *amusement*.

Mr. Higgins was confounded for a moment that he had breathed his secret into mortal ears, and those ears the inalienable property of a mirthful, frolicsome, laughter-loving woman—but immediately the easy assurance of a "bred" gentleman came to the rescue, and Mr. Higgins saw in Miss Juliana Banks' beautiful smile, and the succession of dimples that chased each other about her mouth in her effort to restrain her mirth at his discomfiture, the *very* smile he had been looking for so long, and the *very* dimples he had vowed he could die to occasion! He broke off short his double-quick-time march over the drawing-room parade ground, and turned to the deep bay window festooned with rich crimson where the lady sat.

"You seem in trouble, Mr. Higgins," said Miss Banks, for she *must* say *something* or laugh outright.

"You little mouse! hidden there are you behind those hangings?" replied Mr. Higgins, putting on his most agreeable and approved manner. "You have been witness to my mimic panorama—I mean *pantomime*—"

"Not a *pantomime* exactly, sir," interrupted the mischievous creature, treating herself to the merriest laugh at his expense, and glad enough of an excuse to slacken the reins civility had kept on her visibles—"I thought I heard a scrap of *tragedy*!"

"Something that stuck to my memory from the play last night—'Hamlet,' I think, or the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona.' Only a little bit of a spontaneous rehearsal, as the actors say—I believe I was half asleep. But I am awake now, *ma belle*. Come, let me hear that nightingale voice repeating what I did say. Won't you go to the opera this evening, or to see the *Viennoise*?"

"Ah, yes!" replied Miss Banks, with the very wickedest twinkle of her black eyes.

"You are an angel! how very good—I shall be too proud and happy," ejaculated the gallant Higgins, quite spasmodically, and as if his pride and happiness were actually strangling him.—"Shall we go early dear Miss Juliana?"

He had by this time taken the unbidden liberty to seat himself by her side in the window! O what a contrast between that exquisite girl and the grizzled rotund bachelor!

Miss Banks rose, the color in her cheeks almost as deep, and quite as rich as the glow from the curtains, proudly and somewhat disdainfully withdrew the hand he had profanely seized, and with a conscious self reproach for the length to which she had allowed her love of fun to lead her, she replied:

"I thank you Mr. Higgins, indeed, but I shall go with my father," and left the poor "Leander" just as all the ladies left him, defeated and alone!

Joel was hardened to jilting by long experience, so the "*affair of the heart*" made a more erasable impression on him than the *affair of the bill*, his "rascally" landlord had presented.

"I hood-winked her, the little jilt," thought he, when his Quixotic eyes could no longer follow the sweep of her drapery as she moved out of the room, heartily ashamed of herself too; but he did not indulge in "*soliloquy*," or rehearse tragedy, any more *that day*, though he had composed himself on very much such a fancy as the ostrich does when in danger—if its head is hidden nothing can see its tall, naked, ungainly legs and body. So Joel thought of the keen, quickwitted, cruel Miss Juliana Banks. "She *knows* no more, *suspects* no more of the real posture of my affairs, than if her father were not a millionaire and I a fortune-hunter," squeaked Higgins, in the softest *falsetto* he could muster from his sepulchre of a throat, so he might not be heard this time. "But bless my heart, and yours too little jewel," continued he mentally, "what could I have done if you *had* concluded to go with *me* to the opera, beautiful Miss Juliana Banks? Not a dollar in this wretched pocket, and boxes going at auction! snug winter quarters to seek too—my watch gone—nothing but this chain left to *sham* a repeater, and *that* mortgaged! My dependencies all fairly eaten out except this ring," and Mr. Higgins brought down his clenched fist on the cushion, with a very wrathful force, as if it were to blame for his misfortunes. The diamond in his great awkward ring flashed back its *esentment*, for it crossed the track of a

sunbeam in its hurried descent with that pale dropsy looking hand. (Joel *had* lived on the fat of the land, and was, in all his proportions, a credit to the excellence of his landlord's table, at least so far as "plumpitude" is concerned.) He raised his hand slowly toward his face, and stared into the brilliant jewel that glistened on it, as if he were fathoming the very depths of light. How could he spare it? it reminded him of Juliana's eyes, and they were the sun, moon, and stars shining on his destiny just now, for he flattered himself, like an arrant fool, that he could win that splendid girl, though she scorned his ridiculous tenderness as she would the effrontery of a slave, and, to her shame be it spoken, for her own amusement trifled with his proffered heart—a worthless, mercenary, selfish thing it is, true—still it was a heart and all he had—as she would with an old picked, bones laid at her feet by her favorite spaniel.

Joel looked the diamond out of countenance, and then scowled again. "I must do something to save my sinking cash," he mused, "and it takes *money*, the true *elixir vitae*, to make a gentleman and keep him such! Winter quarters and genteel ones 'for a single gentleman' must be had, and I must withdraw my *patronage* from this establishment, yes, in a hurry! Why can't I be as fortunate as other men, and marry an heiress to some hundred thousands? that would be the pink of a calculation if I could only compass it! What makes the women all act so prudish when Mr. Joel W. Higgins comes alongside? It's because I'm a *prize*! Ain't I a fine looking young man? (He was only 'rising' of thirty-seven.) Yes.—Don't I dress well? Yes. Don't I spend generously at amusements, the only things women can appreciate? Yes. Am I not fluent with *soft speeches* to the *soft creatures*? Yes, indeed.—Couldn't I give all my time to the entertainment of a wife, barring public dinners and club meetings? Yes, *all*. Am I rich? Ah! that is the 'open sesame' to a woman's smiles! Alas, no! I'm poor and miserable!" and Joel *wept*—indeed he did, reader—large tears that lodged irresolutely awhile on his fat cheeks, till there was a small accumulation which threatened an inundation to his little eyes, and then they rolled down quite a miniature cataract into his white perfumed pocket handkerchief. But he roused himself pretty soon from such unmanly business, and he would have sworn all sorts of oaths at the fickle goddess who so provokingly withheld her yellow treasures only it is *vulgar* in refined society to swear—the *wicked* part—Joel let *that* alone.

Suddenly the door opened—he thought it was the landlord with the detested *bill*, and he was about to beat a precipitate retreat. No—it was Miss Juliana Banks "come for her handkerchief." Joel bowed and smiled—"guessed she had not left it—he had not seen it—he certainly should have seen anything that belonged to one so precious in his sight." But *she* saw the rich lace of one corner of it! Horror! Mr. Joel W. Higgins had made a *cushion* of it, and had screwed and crushed the elegant thing into ten thousand wrinkles! A hydrostatic press could not have crushed it more.

"My gracious, Miss Banks! I beg a million pardons," said the confused bachelor, as he took it by the corner and unfolded it entirely, displaying the whole amount of damage, and presented it to the blushing and mortified girl. She stammered something quite unintelligible, which Joel took for plenary absolution, received the crumpled article by the corner in her glove—she was equipped for a promenade—and her cheeks tingling as if a crop of nettles were piercing them she turned on her heel and disappeared.

"Goodness," said Joel, the moment she had gone, "what an event! she looked like an insulted sultana! gone off in a dudgeon, I presume, and gave a man no time to apologize. Bl—ess 'em," he hit on the introductory *labials* of the monosyllable "*blast*"—"women never make allowances for the accidents of society, nor excuse them.—Some penance or other, now, for that mistake." Mr. Higgins, let me assure you, Miss Banks will demand no penance, no apologies, if you will only *keep out of her sight*. Verily, she holds you in no enviable estimation.

But his own affairs were more *crumpled* just now than any ladies cambric handkerchief could be, and his empty purse glared at him cruelly like a famished spectre. He did not see much prospect of trapping Juliana "right away," and some pecuniary resort must be contrived ad interim.—Necessity impudently suggested to the perplexed gentleman, "Hadn't he better undertake some genteel business to meet the present emergency?" "No, indeed," retorted Mr. Higgins, I'll not soil my patrician fingers with so mean a thing as *business* of any kind! not I, indeed!" He thought and thought, still keeping the bay window—he knit and unravelled his brow times without number, and finally, striking his hands together with great complacency, he rose upright and said: "I have it—yes, I'll go into the country for winter quarters—the dull, stupid, miserable country!—Can't I think of some old maid at house-keeping who takes genteel boarders. Nobody in the *country* will refuse Mr. Joel W. Higgins the best accommodations *on credit*. Nothing need be said of *that* condition by the way."

So Mr. Higgins, on account of the scarcity of "change," sold his very best Paris made boots, his useless opera glass—he would not need it in the country—his extra dressing gown, paid the tailor for making his last suit in the suit itself, and took the balance, mortgaged his diamond ring to his landlord, and, without telling beautiful Juliana Banks adieu, or even mentioning to her that "*important business*" called him away from her very fascinating society, he took the stage to go out into the dark regions of semi-barbarism, so he said, or into the country to seek winter quarters, hoping in his inmost heart that some cast of the die, fortunately thrown, might bring him out new and bright in the spring. And for the feelings of heartless, ungrateful, cold Miss Juliana, she did not even know he was gone, except as she missed her inveterate drawing-room annoyance and street persecutor, for he was for ever meeting her and claiming recognition from that proud and envied beauty.

CHAPTER II.

"One step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

[NAPOLEON.]

THE father of the distinguished gentleman whose fortunes, or rather *misfortunes*, my last chapter chronicles, was "born and brought up" a *cobbler*—in more respectful terms, to a respectable and indispensable profession, a *shoemaker*. His father "stuck to his last," and hammered his pegs, and smoothed his glossy leather apron, till he died in good old age, a very quiet, unassuming, respectable and useful man. He trained up his son to follow in his own footsteps, and bequeathed him pretty much all he had—his bench and fixtures. The son sat on the same bench, and worked hard at the same necessary trade, capping, and specking, and pegging his townsmen's boots and shoes, and never *dreamed* that shoe patching was low business. He saved a little and married a wife. She was from the very poorest and lowest family in the whole town, and everybody declared that "Patty Wadd *looked up* to marry a shoemaker." But poor as she was Patty Wadd had high notions of her own; poor as she was—drunken and starved as were her father and mother, and the dozen that snivelled, and quarrelled, and famished around them in her miserable home—she always managed to wear an old ribbon on her neck, or a brass ring well scoured, to make it glitter to her fancy, on her long brawny finger, when the girls, whose parents sent *charities* to her parents, could afford no such coveted finery. Patty was married much to her own satisfaction, and the surprise of all her neighbors, at the early and giddy age of sixteen, to quiet, drudging Mr. Higgins, who was her senior by as many years, and went forthwith to keep his *house*—(it was not the fashion for new married people to *board* in those primitive times)—and his *purse*—and the latter, maugre all the husband's incessant labor from dawn to midnight, she kept for ever drained. They had a son and a daughter, and both grew up. Joel, our veritable city bred bachelor, was taught his father's trade, and was kept at it right diligently by his extravagant and spendthrift mother through all his younger years, and his earnings were lavishly expended to trick out his little pale sullen sister.—But when Joel was about seventeen years old there came extraordinary good fortune to the family. Verily, Patty Wadd Higgins rejoiced, if ever she did, that she had condescended to unite herself with it, though often before she had called herself very much of a fool for doing it.

A miserly old uncle died of *poverty*, and rags, and starvation, and Benzillia Higgins, Patty's husband, was the sole heir to enormous wealth—which the miser had picked together, copper by copper, and stowed away, not in "Aunt Quarles's" Narbonne honey-pots, but in worn out old cast away shoes!

O what a lucky planet was that under which Mrs. Patty Wadd Higgins was born! Now she would no longer be an honest cobbler's wife—not she indeed! She would ride in splendor in her own carriage over the necks of her neighbors poor jogging creatures if she could, the wife of a gentleman!

No time was to be lost. Her new establishment must be erected and furnished to her own taste, and it *was* erected and furnished with a kind of gaudy grandeur, which commends itself to the fancy of ignorant, vulgar, tasteless wealth.—Mr. Higgins, the passive husband, expostulated, and Mrs. Higgins, the wilful wife, stormed—he would rather lay by the money for a rainy day—*she* would rather spend it. He felt ill at ease, poor man, in such a fine house, with such stately things about him, and he would gladly have gone *round* the carpets rather than to step on such bright and dazzling flowers and vines as seemed to be growing up out of his floors. And he a thousand times preferred his faithful, natural old workbench, to his wife's spring seat sofas, and ottomans, and great velvet covered rocking-chairs, in which he found it as impossible to move as if he had been a sticking plaster. But Mrs. Higgins had ordered the disposed work-bench to be "*split into kindlings*"—the knives, and awls, and other shoe making implements to be sold for old iron, and all the wax and "*waxed ends*" to be ignominiously burnt before her eyes.

Mr. Higgins pined for his old ways and his old enjoyments—his very whistling sounded strangely to him in those great, high, lonely rooms—he languished for his early habits, and died as the Swiss soldier dies for very home sickness, though he was in his own house.

A very *rich* and a very *fine* widow was Mrs. Higgins, and right in the prime of her life too.—Soon after her husband died, arrayed in very expensive mourning, she took her children and went to the city, that they might be removed entirely from all the vulgar associations inseparably connected with their father's calling in the days of his thrifless poverty, for her neighbors and poor relations *would not* forget so readily as *she* did the history of her starved childhood, and her husband's laborious industry, till the advent of the envied "*crock of gold*."

Mrs. Higgins took "*genteel rooms*" at a genteel hotel, at the "*court end*" of the city—a genteel pew in a genteel church, and sent her son and daughter to genteel schools under the tuition of genteel teachers. Joel Wadd Higgins—(for he was named for his maternal grandfather, though his mother afterwards "*wished W* stood for Wellington, or Washington, or Waterloo, or Wilberforce, as she came, in her fashionable days, to hear of *those great people*")—was about eighteen, and a short, awkward, stooping, verdant boy—but he was *his mother's own son*—very much more Wadd than Higgins, though he *did* wear the latter patronymic. Very soon, indeed, young Joel, from his association with other city "*bloods*," began to feel the consequence which the possession of the old miser's hoarded treasure attached to him, and felt himself a gentleman of the most finished class. City breezes seemed very favorable for his physical development, for he had scarcely been in town two years before his barber trained a forest of stiff reddish-orange whiskers all round his throat, from ear to ear—an "*imperial*" to match—scorched his hair into the genteelest curl, and encouraged a beard, which verily almost defied the temper of whetted steel. He labored most assiduously to

dispossess himself of the stoop he had acquired at his early, but of course, forgotten trade,—yes, indeed, was the disgraceful memory annihilated!—and he succeeded quite to the opposite extreme, especially as he grew older and began to suffer from his mother's family infirmity—obesity. Like other smart young men, he was soon beyond his mother's influence, and indeed it had not been so very salutary while she could exert it. By the time he turned his back contemptuously on his minority, and the thralldom of legal guardianship was off, there was not such a dashing young gentleman to be found in the city. Never was the transfer from the green chrysalis to the perfect state made with such rapid strides as in the case of our hero—Mr. Joel W. Higgins.

His sister was very unlike him indeed—she preferred *always* to be a chrysalis—and her mother, when she saw her full fledged son, called her a little whining mope of a nobody, very much like the inglorious paternal branch of the family, the stupid *Higginses*.

"Why, Martha Seraphina," would the vain and persecuting representative of the Wadd ancestry avouch, "you never will make a great match so long as you don't appear smarter, and care more for dress and company, and the beaux! Do you let them books alone; from morning till night read—read—readin'—I say books is to look at the pictures, and not to read—didn't I buy the very gildedest ones I could find on purpose to lay on the table, and I never looked at the name of one of them. Play smarter on your peaner, Martha Seraphina, and sit genteeler, like the Miss Brooks and Miss Waterses and Miss Greens. I saw Mr. Hunter quizzing you the other day, and he really looked tender, as if he wanted to *propose*. And what do you think he *said* to me? 'Why, Mrs. 'Igguns,' says Mr. Hunter, says he—you know he speaks English-like—'what a fine daughter is that Miss 'Igguns of yours.' 'La, sir,' says I—mothers are proud enough without compliments from such gentlemen as Mr. Hunter. 'But, m'am,' says he, 'she does take my eye—and not only the daughter but the mother!' There! now won't you *try* to be agreeable to him, Martha Seraphina?"

"Mother," would Miss Higgins reply, "I *hate* dress, and company, and *beaux*, and especially Mr. Hunter. I *can't* play smarter nor sit genteeler, and I know people only laugh at me when you drag me before them to make me expose my want of talent, and taste, and skill. I dread to go near my piano as I should an instrument of torture. I wish you and Joel would enjoy what you like and leave me to my own preferences. I won't have Mr. Hunter nor any body else, for I don't like men!"

But poor weak Martha Seraphina, almost by her mother's command, did overcome her repugnance to Mr. Fortunatus Hunter, and fell a sacrifice to the Moloch of maternal ambition. She married him, and went with him to New Orleans, that charnel house of life, and virtue, and wealth, where her large fortune soon disappeared in extravagant stakes at the gaming table, and at other places of vicious and abominable celebrity. Her false and brutal husband deserted her when the

golden charm was broken, and in less than one year from her miserable marriage, poor Martha, "with her baby on her breast," was confined and buried, at public charge, in "the place to bury strangers."

What became of her husband I do not know. I only hope such an incarnate demon, though he were clothed with sunbeams, wore the brand of a double murderer, burned deep on his frontlet, as he did on his black and guilty soul. If that man is worthy of death who only stops the red life-current as it courses through the veins of his fellow man, and lays his body quietly at rest in the green earth under the pure snow-flakes or fresh flowers, of how much sorer punishment shall he be thought worthy who lays the assassin's knife to clinging, trustful affection, and with an iron heel and a heart of adamant crushes out the last faint glimmer of hope and love—a moral homicide! Ah! read the history of woman, ten thousand pages of which are traced in tears, and blood, and bitter hidden agony, and say if there is not a viper coiled within the human bosom, whose folds are slimy as the rings of that "old serpent" who tested the power of his venom within the holy enclosures of Paradise, and deadlier than the sting of a scorpion!

More than a year after Martha died the mournful intelligence came to her mistaken mother from a mysterious and an undiscoverable source; but the event roused all the tenderness long smothered and smouldering on her nature, and with her son she attempted a journey to New Orleans to bring back the remains of her dead daughter and give them honorable sepulture. Mrs. Higgins fell violently sick on her passage up the gulf, and before they reached the city her disease terminated fatally, and to prevent danger of infection among the passengers and crew, the body was almost immediately committed to its long resting-place, where tributes of respect or affection could never come, far down amid the varied spoils gathered in by those hungry waters.

Joel proceeded to New Orleans, and as soon as possible returned to his own home without a relative in the world that his pride would acknowledge, and without the object of his journey; for the city authorities would on no consideration allow the exhumation of a body at that dangerous and pestilential season.

All his mother's property now became his own, and he was possessed of wealth sufficient for a luxurious lifetime, but for the false ideas of wasteful prodigality which he called *gentility*, a very much abused, misunderstood, and perverted word. For a succession of unproductive years he "wasted his substance in riotous living," idle, extravagant, and disdainful of "open, honest, honorable gains," because he regarded his *capital* as a fountain, which, however profusely it flowed, was quite inexhaustible, and finally he found himself a disagreeable excrescence on society, reduced to the inglorious extremity, I have been obliged, as a faithful historiographer, in the foregoing pages to reveal.

CHAPTER III.

THE stage, heavily freighted with the consequence and "other chattels" of our hero, whirled up with a dash to the door of the village tavern, and the very genteel baggage of Mr. Joel W. Higgins was unstrapped with great care, and planted, after much sweating and tugging by the muscle of the landlord and some of his burly red faced underlings, on the piazza.

"Hope that fat man wont want his great box carried up stairs to-night," muttered the underlings, as they peered curiously inside the stage, rubbing their shoulders to assure themselves that the lift had dislocated no joints.

When the baggage was safely off, and all the other passengers had alighted, except one lady in a long, close, green veil, Mr. Joel himself got out and set his aristocratic feet on the plebian soil of —, or rather on the boards of landlord Thorne's piazza. He was obliged to land in the neighborhood of a watering trough, which was liberally patronized by all the horses and cows in the village, and at that time, as there had been some freezing weather, a little ice had accumulated — Our traveller's boots were very smooth and he did not look down—he seldom did such a thing as that literally or figuratively—so the pillars on which he supported his consequence and his bulk gave way, and the very first experience he had in — was a complete downfall. The landlord flew to the assistance of the unfortunate man whose dependencies had "played him so false," and the saucy rascally boys, who had been attracted by the unusually fine appearance of the baggage on the stage, like the unwhipped imps they were, set up a perfect shout of laughter.

"Boys clear out every one of you, or I'll have you flogged—are you hurt, sir? Jonathan, why didn't you clear away this ice? Shall I send over for Dr. Kilhum? he lives handy," interrogated the landlord in a breath.

Up on his feet again, with his head in the right place and no great injury to his bones—they were as well protected as bones could be—Mr. Higgins blandly thanked the landlord, and assured him he had sustained no material hurt, though he did ache well in several places.

"Wouldn't he have some gin and a flannel to rub in?" suggested the anxious landlord. "Might take some brandy to his room if he pleased," was Mr. Higgins' polite response.

The stage had driven away by this time to carry the lady in the green veil, afore-mentioned, to her place of abode, and returned just in time to hear the stranger's inquiry of the landlord.

"Can you do me the favor to inform me, sir, if there are any private families in this fine village with no children, and extra accommodations, where they would take a genteel boarder at a liberal price?"

The landlord lifted up his hat and settled it quite on one side of his head.

"It must be a *private* house, with no children, I s'pose," he replied.

O the "liberal price" had startled his cupidity, but alas! and alas! he was the owner of *nine* as noisy children as ever ran wild and learned wick-

edness amidst the agrarian medley in the bar-room of a country tavern.

"Very quiet place is desirable," rejoined Mr. Higgins, and something inaudible escaped him, which sounded most like "invalid," "state of health," "medical counsel," etc.

"Well," said the landlord, "there's Mehitable Winkle that's just come home. She takes boarders sometimes. She had some from the city last summer, and she thought 'twas a good deal of trouble. But perhaps as she is alone now, all but her two niggers, she will consent till you can suit yourself better, if both like. She is a singular old girl, though," pursued the landlord, quite to the edification of a numerous auditory who had collected to stare at the new comer and learn what he wanted, and mischievously anxious to forestal the opinion of Mehitable Winkle's customer, for there was not a little bitterness between himself and herself on various accounts of long standing.

"Where is her residence?" interposed Mr. Higgins, his Quixotic blood beginning to boil at any remote indications of disrespect to a maiden.

"O just over there," said half a dozen at once; "the house with the poplars and buttonwoods in front, and the squashes running over the door!"

Mr. Higgins looked through his gold spectacles at the location, signified with the earnest air of a man bent on assuring himself of the identity of the object, though there was no possibility of mistaking it—and after a silence of a minute, he turned to his host, coughed violently, from the inhalation to his fastidious lungs of a suffocating surfeit of the vilest of all vile bar-room tobacco smoke, cleared his voice with—

"I will have tea, sir, if you please, before I call on the lady in question," and walked up stairs to his flannel and brandy. While he is making the application, whether internal or external, it is not our business to inquire, I will attend you, courteous reader, to the residence of Miss Mehitable Winkle, and give you a familiar introduction.

Miss Mehitable Winkle was born the same day and hour of the same month and year, according to accredited neighborhood chronicle, as one of her neighbors, who was not one day less than *forty-seven*. But Miss Winkle was not so old as that—she could not be. Why, Mrs. Acres had brought up *ten* mortal children, the eldest of whom was the village merchant, and the others ranged in regular gradation down to a noisy, boisterous brat of three or four—and why should not that mother be a great deal older than prim, precise, punctilious Miss Mehitable Winkle. The house she occupied, and every thing in and around it, bundles of bank stock tied up with yellow tape, and all, were her own undisputed possession, and no mortal man, woman, or child levied the remotest claim to one article of all her property.

The house it is true was not a new one in modern style, but it had been painted, "at some considerable expense," twice over, white, with new green blinds, and the two coats of white lead and oil concealed pretty effectually the original "gambooge" which it had worn in the incipency of the village. It was a tall narrow house with two parlors in front, one on each side of a small square entry in which the stairs were situated. There

were large airy chambers over those rooms, and a small bedroom over the front door, all of which had been given up to the accommodation of sundry boarders, domiciliated according to their respective quality and the price they paid. Miss Winkle's private sanctum, the kitchen and fixtures, were back from the street, and behind all was the garden, which was certainly a most prolific place indeed, for it did "grow" everything in the whole catalogue of kitchen vegetables, and more marigolds, and coxcombs, and poppies, and bearsfoot, besides beds of striped grass, and scented grass, and camomile, and hoarhound, etc., than I have time to describe.

The internal arrangements were like Miss Mehitable Winkle's self, as nice and modest as nice and modest could be. They were somewhat improved since the decease of her parents, whose second childhood, to her everlasting honor be it spoken, she watched as patiently and tenderly as the mother watches the cradle of her first born, and they had made Mehitable sole legatee of all their property. But in the main the carpets presented the same set stripes undimmed by time or sunshine, the mahogany was just as dark, the carving just as antiquated, and the high back chairs just as "starched" as they were in her father's and mother's honey-moon, sixty years "agone."

Miss Winkle had added two modern luxuries to her establishment, which looked mighty out of keeping with the general air of antiquity throughout the house. These were a large, voluptuous, plush-covered rocking chair, for which she paid a large sum of her very best cash, and a solar lamp glittering with flashing, sparkling, beautifully brilliant pendants.

Miss Winkle kept—don't put in "a score of cats," saucy reader, as if old maidens and the feline family were in inseparable association—I say she had not *cats* on her premises, unless they came in the unenviable capacity of midnight marauders—she had only *a cat*—a great yellow creature as large as a medium dog, his round, smooth sides striped like a zebra with black and grey—an honorable cat, which had eaten every rat, and mouse, and squirrel, which had unwarily ventured on Miss Winkle's domain, she said, "as long as she could remember—say twenty-five years!"—and now that his teeth were fairly worn off cracking every bone in the body of his prey, and he could not appreciate a new set as his mistress could, (more of *hers* anon) why had he not earned a place, ex-officio, on the rug by her parlor fire, or a seat on the pillow of the sofa whenever he chose, besides a pension dispensed in the form of good red steak and warm milk, I desire to know.

I was going to say, if I had not been interrupted, that Miss Winkle "*kept*" a horse and chaise, and rode out alone, or with some invited company, often a sick woman, or a pale and feeble girl, whenever she liked, which was *not* every day, as she did not approve of "*gadding*," and was, moreover, not a little afraid of "*samson*," her horse, having no man about to drive him and restrain his feats of strength, which, notwithstanding the remarkably proper way in which he had been brought up, he was wilful enough, and wicked

enough, sometimes to practice, to Miss Winkle's exceeding terror, and the no small danger of her vehicle.

Miss Winkle, or "*Hitty Winkle*," as she was universally known—her name never having undergone metamorphosis into the sweet little liquid "*Hetta*" that obtains with the children unfortunately baptised "*Mehitable*" in these days, and an illustration of modern improvement in civilization, too—was rather a tall, thin woman, and her tallness and thinness was the more perceptible from the most religious and uncompromising detestation with which she regarded all those supplementary addenda which change a small, slight figure into a veritable Persian beauty—namely, "a load for a camel!" Had she lived in the palmy days of Egyptian splendor and idolatrous power, she would have fallen a sacrifice at the hands of those Nile worshipping, catacomb-digging Pagans, to the strange appetite of their tempest deity, Typhon, for she had the proper qualification—*red hair*! She called it *golden*—but I shall insist that it *was red*! She did not wear a cap—no, she was *too young*, and her "glory" was too abundant, besides being remorselessly intractable. But she *did* wear two enormous tortoise shell combs of a light color, one on each side of her head, inclining obliquely toward either ear, and about these formidable combs she coiled the braids—how many I cannot presume to say, lest I should be maliciously charged with a tendency to exaggeration. Over her rosy face, (she plead guilty to a florid complexion,) or rather *cheeks*, there hung not "rosy" but *red* curls in profusion, fastened back by long shell side-combs, and behind, to complete the paraphernalia, as it was time for winter colors, she wore a large *purple* bow, with long ends drooping toward her white starched muslin collar.

Her eyes passed for blue, and as she wore no spectacles, though she owned a pair which were locked up in her work-table "against she should need them," you could see just how large and how small her eyes were, and I feel compelled to state as an impartial historian that they *were small* rather than *large*. Her nose was like most people's, her ugliest feature, though it looked well enough. Her mouth—O sympathizing reader! she had just been to the city and staid some weeks suffering worse than inquisitorial tortures in the process of extraction of old "gnarled roots," and the arming her mouth with a new set of—they were *put in for—teeth*!

But that dentist ought to be frowned out of the profession—Harry Daring, the barber-chirurgeon's most audacious apprentice, was a finished connoisseur to him—he ought to be haunted with the chattering ghosts of *teeth, teeth, teeth*, and gnashed upon too, for if ever there was a quack and a scoundrel at any business, Miss Winkle's dentist was the man.

He had made her what is called "*a block*," I think—(I hope the profession will pass by my mistake forgivingly, if I have made one, as my own mouth has held so little parley with them, that I am a very tyro in technicalities,)—and it did look like some dead body's exhumed grinders filed down and stuck together with something blackish; and then to complete such atrocious

workmanship he had knocked them in so that one end canted out, the other toward the esophagus! Miss Winkle puckered her lips as well as she could over this mockery, but when she smiled, as she often did, if she had not found occasion for her handkerchief that minute, you would have seen the left end of her "new block" some little time before the right!

Mr. Joel W. Higgins had not been violating the old spelling-book maxim, "make no long meals," all the time I have taken to narrate this episode in Miss Winkle's history. He was very hungry, from his long, hard ride, it is true, but he dispatched the landlord's viands with truly American speed, for he felt in haste to settle himself in his prospective "winter quarters." As an additional incentive to expedition there were two sharers at his table; one whose hands and clothes looked decidedly like a shoe-maker's, and the stage-driver; and he, Mr. Joel W. Higgins, was not used to such company at his meals. O how longingly he thought of his city hotel, and its splendor and style—and of beautiful Miss Juliana Banks—and how he deprecated his evil fortune that as a last resort he must sequester himself in the country! a living burial! Well—he tried to do like the miser in the fable—*imagine* the stone he found in the place of his stolen gold a treasure. He tried to believe he was sitting, snugly and at leisure, in his easy-chair, to which he had been accustomed, and that the bit of newspaper the hostess had carefully laid on the table, to set the Britannia tea-pot on, was the bill of fare, setting forth the most approved and last imported French dishes. Poor man! what an illusion!

After tea Mr. Higgins brushed his coat, adjusted his spectacles, put on his hat, took his cane and sallied out of the tavern to make Miss Mehitable Winkle a preliminary call.

Now the said Miss Winkle had heard from six several sources, within the space of half an hour, what a very genteel looking customer she was about to receive, and I beg the forbearance of my readers for her, when I tell them that all the vanity and maiden ambition of the halcyon period in woman's life was aroused in Miss Winkle's precise and very respectable heart. Her hair never had such a schooling in its long life—the curls were adjusted and re-adjusted—the purple ribbon looked purpler than ever, and the ringlets took such a scorching from the hastily heated "curling tongs," that in most cases they would have staid in exact and obedient curl for full three weeks. Miss Winkle donned her very best blue and brown plaid cashmere, which was decorated with three wide crosswise flounces and steel buttons, and some other extra garments to give herself a little more rotundity—not because she was reconciled to any such impropriety, but for a very tyrannical reason—because she had just been to the city and found it very *fashionable*!

Miss Winkle stood by the window and looked out till she saw the veritable bachelor himself approaching, and then she sat down in great state in her rocking-chair, with her black pic-nic mitts on, it must be confessed in a very unusual state of trepidation, which threatened her quiet and composure for time indefinite. Miss Winkle

smoothed down her collar for the hundredth time, rocked herself famously back and forth—suddenly the knocker sounded—very consequentially indeed! Miss Winkle sprang as if she had been propelled from a cannon mouth—flew to the glass one moment with very girlish haste, and then settled herself in her chair again. That instant the door opened, and black Jenny, looking very much excited, ushered a most genteel looking man into the presence of her no less excited mistress. He bowed as he entered, and Miss Winkle rose and advanced with her most graceful sweep. Jenny stared and held a little white paper in her fingers, looking first at it, then at Miss Winkle, then at the stranger gentleman, in the most ludicrous confusion.

"What you want me should do with the paper?" at length Jenny ventured to inquire, for the pantomime began to grow intolerable.

"Give the card to your lady as my introduction to be sure," said Mr. Higgins, bowing again and smiling, as if he would relieve somebody from an uncomfortable predicament.

Miss Winkle blushed crimson for the ignorance and uncourtliness of her "help," and Jenny, handing her the "paper," was glad to withdraw from her part in the scene, and beat an inglorious retreat to the kitchen. Her "lady" glanced at the card, on which was stereotyped "J. W. Higgins, Esq.," and the parties had had sufficient introduction.

"I have the pleasure to address Miss Winkle I presume," said Mr. Higgins, as he bowed again lower than before, and presented his hand, on which that diamond still glittered.

"Address Miss Winkle!" *fancy*, the impetuous thing, affixed a new and very unusual signification to those words, at least in Miss Winkle's experience.

"Squire Higgins—yes, sir,"—Miss Winkle was fond of titles—"take a seat this way, sir—and she wheeled round the great chair in a twinkling.

"O don't let me interrupt you, ma'am," politely hesitated Mr. Higgins, though he looked most lovingly at the proffered chair.

"No trouble at all, sir," said Miss Winkle in her confusion. "You look fatigued, squire—pray sit here," and she gave the chair such another push as brought it in such proximity to Mr. Higgins that he no longer declined. "Have you travelled far to-day, sir?"

"Only from the city, ma'am," replied Mr. Higgins, setting himself in the rocking chair.

Miss Winkle took another seat at a *proper distance* from the "squire," and she did find it marvellously easy to make the acquaintance of such a very affable "city bred" gentleman. By the time the evening was half spent, Mr. Higgins had only to mention his inclination to take winter quarters with her, and Miss Winkle was ready with her very best accommodations, and even ordered a fire in his room immediately, so it might be comfortable retiring, and sent her negro Jack over to the tavern, with his hand cart, to bring the squire's baggage.

He was so tired that he proposed going to his room early, to make some arrangements, and write to some "anxious friends" for the morning

CHAPTER IV.

mail. Miss Winkle could hardly spare him, he was so agreeable, but she got up, and with many kind wishes for his quiet repose, and many apologies for the want of entertainment she feared he would find in her quiet household, she handed him a lamp.

"Just the quiet, one, wearied out with the bustle and emptiness of city life, most admires, dear madam," replied Mr. Higgins soothingly, starting for his bed-chamber—but he was doomed to be an unlucky man, and the very sport of accident. He hit the long toe of his boot against the rocking chair, stumbled, and down went the lamp, right on Miss Mehitable Winkle's demure striped carpet, and Joel himself lodged in the arms of her rocking chair!

"O, dear," shrieked the lady, "my carpet! my carpet! is it broken my new lamp?" and then, recollecting herself, she shrieked again louder than before, "O, are you hurt, squire! Mercy on us! Jenny bring me the camphor."

Meantime the cat had sprung from his cushion squalling terrifically, and shot into one corner of the room, every hair on his body, from his ears to his tail, standing up like a mad porcupine, his eyes as green as "distilled jealousy," his toothless mouth wide open, hissing out venom like a bevy of serpents, almost in visible sparks, and striking his paws hither and thither, as if in close combat with an unseen demon. A pair of black faces peered through the parlor door, and, on discovering that no bones were broken and no lives were in danger, they ran back laughing in the sauciest and most unfeeling way imaginable.

Mr. Higgins scrambled up as fast as he could, made the most genteel apologies, begged as many pardons as on the occasion of a previous misfortune, he had of beautiful Miss Juliana Banks, and when he had ascertained that the lamp was not broken, and not a drop of oil spilled, he inwardly blessed his stars and went to his room as quickly as possible.

Miss Winkle retired too, but not to sleep—she tumbled and tumbled from side to side of her bed, and finally got up and took some paregoric, for the tall clock in the corner of her parlor struck three and she had not begun to drowse.

Miss Winkle was *very much excited*. If ever the heart of a young maiden just coming out fluttered at the hopes of a young lover, so did the time-encrusted heart of this *old* maiden at the hope of an *old* lover. Certain expressions of his sounded to her decidedly unequivocal in their import—"Address Miss Winkle"—a construction *might* be put on that—"dear madam," "my dear ma'am," &c. Well, these haunted Miss Winkle like shadows—but, by the soporific tendency of the paregoric, she did finally fall asleep, only to dream out all the circumstances of a *declaration* and a *wedding*!

Miss Winkle had taken pains to ask the squire if he indulged himself with coffee? He was "very fond of it, ma'am." "Did his stomach endure hot soda biscuit?" "Certainly, to be sure, ma'am"—so her arrangements were easily made for breakfast, and indeed her table did look the pink of neatness, and very tempting, when Mr. Higgins made his *entree* from his bedroom.

I NEED not weary my reader by a detail of Mr. Higgins' history through the winter. Suffice it that the neighborhood "thought everything" of him, and Miss Winkle a great deal more than that. He was all in all to that respectable woman, and she whispered confidentially to her friend, Miss Prudence Tell, that she did not know how she could do without Mr. Higgins, always supplementary with, "as a boarder of course you know," by way of sedative to suspicion—whereupon the next time Miss Prudence Tell went out to tea she looked "mighty knowing," and insinuated that "some unexpected news might come out which would startle the whole village, but never repeat it from her!"

Mr. Joel W. Higgins took Miss Hitty Winkle "into society," and to meeting Sabbath-day, and to the evening meetings once or twice a week—rode with her in her chaise till snow came, and then in her sleigh—did her errands for her—went with her to "ladies' sewing circle," and cut old rags for pin-cushions, a most unprecedented step for a gentleman in the village of L—to take, and received in return from the society a present of a pair of embroidered suspenders. A most unusual number of parties were given among the neighbors, and all became anxious and ambitious to invite and be visited by so much of a gentleman as Miss Hitty Winkle's city boarder.

Mr. Higgins and Miss Winkle went to them all, and in return that lady gave a party for her boarder, and did the thing up in the very first style, for Mr. Higgins was joint committee and chairman in all the preparations. It cannot be denied that Mr. Higgins enjoyed his "winter quarters" much better than he had foreboded. Every thing was made subservient to his happiness, and nothing said about the close of the quarter. He had repeatedly declared in Miss Winkle's private ear that he had entirely reconciled himself to the absence of city privileges, so very hospitable were the people of L—; and more than once in the course of the winter Mr. Joel W. Higgins had been on the very verge of proposing to Miss Mehitable Winkle to walk life's down-hill at his side as Mrs. Joel W. Higgins. But such rich visions of Miss Juliana Banks, and her brilliant eyes and bewitching ways, and her splendor and her money ranged themselves by the side of Miss Winkle's personal charms and more solid possessions, as to throw the latter into rather unfavorable comparison. Mr. Higgins reasoned at such times thus: "Her father is alive and likely to live, and he scarcely condescends me a recognition. Juliana Banks, the little minx—she treats me like the dust under her feet; and should I—I—Mr. Joel W. Higgins, cringe and bear that? I am the first man *here*—why should I be the 'second in Rome'? There is something awful in thinking of the *incumbrance*; but that bank stock she talked about locked up in those old drawers would be prodigiously convenient. Yes! Hitty Winkle is the woman, and I know she would marry me to-morrow if I say so. Old, wizzled, red-haired thing as she is, and Juliana as young and lovely as Hebe—I must—I must! it is one of my unlucky acci-

dents. Shall I throw my dice in the life game to-morrow? O no—no—no—I'll wait a little longer for a little more resignation to so hard a fate!"

It chanced that late in the winter a young man in the neighborhood brought home a young wife, and directly, as was customary and proper, all the town were invited to the wedding party. And it chanced, too, that there was a very pretty young Miss at the gathering whom Joel had not met before, and, as was his wont, he was immediately captivated with the new face, and much to Miss Winkle's scandal he attached himself entirely for the whole evening to Miss Cleopatra Anthony—paid her the most gallant civilities, and as an unpardonable climax, in his infatuation, actually walked home with her, leaving Miss Winkle, an inexpressibly saucy thing, to take care of herself, and go home alone.

Mr. Higgins found the door locked when he reached his quarters, and it took long and repeated knocks before any body could be persuaded to awake and open the door. He entered the parlor—no Miss Winkle was there to smile him a welcome as all was pitchy dark. Jack in a very surly manner gave him a light, muttering wrathfully, and Mr. Higgins crept up to his room terrified indeed at such alarming and unusual demonstrations of a change in the temperature of Miss Winkle's affections. He actually dreaded the morning, for how should he answer to his slighted hostess for his neglect the preceding evening—how should he appease a jealous woman? She might be in such a state of resentment as to demand immediate payment, and expel him from her household. O, dear! what should he do—she would storm like Xanthippe or the three furies, he knew she would by her red hair!

But the morning did not linger for all that, and before he went down to breakfast he decided that, as a last resort, if nothing else under the sun would do, he would attempt to heal all differences by a direct proposal of marriage, and see what potency there was in that medicine. The bell rang—a short, angry tinkle it was—Mr. Higgins went down like a traitor going to the gibbet. Miss Winkle was at her place by the coffee-urn, her brow dreadfully frowning, and her mouth pinched up as if it had resolved that, talk or no talk, nothing should ever be wrung from it in the shape of conversation.—Mr. Higgins was at his wits' end—a dilemma not entirely new to him, to be sure, but he hardly saw any escape from it this time, and he knew that the crisis was come. He tried to behave as usual, but instead of that, he betrayed at every effort more and more apparently his consciousness of guilt in the sight of his hostess. He tried to talk, cautiously avoiding the subject on which they were at issue, of course. Miss Winkle answered in the *crispest* monosyllables.

When Mr. Higgins had finished his breakfast, (his predicament had *not* encroached upon his appetite so much as might be expected,) he leisurely pushed back his chair, and said:

"Well, Miss Winkle—I am yours to command—what is the order of the day?" Miss Winkle looked like a thunder-cloud—and Mr. Higgins almost thought he was annihilated.

"This," she replied, between her teeth, taking up a folded paper that lay beside her tray. "There is my *bill*, Mr. Higgins—I think it's time we *settle*. Your second quarter has been some time begun, and not one word have you said about *ever* paying a cent for the trouble and expense you have cost me!"

Now there were no two words in the English language that were such mortal poison to the feelings of Mr. Higgins as "*settle*" and "*bill*."—The crack of a pistol right at his ear would not have terrified him half as much. "*Peppersauce and fire*," thought he, all the blood in his body rushing into his face, as he took the paper with the *nonchalant* air of a man who was all ready to pay to the uttermost farthing, and more too—he ran over the items—not only board, but fuel, and lights, and broken crockery, (Joel was always breaking crockery) horse and carriage, extra service of help, and a variety of things beside, were all distinctly stated on half a sheet of foolscap, and the dread amount summed up and *proved* at the foot of the column. Mr. Higgins flew into a violent passion.

"You must have been up all night, madam, to prepare so elaborate a charge, madam," wrathfully extemporised the indignant bachelor, making a feint of pulling out the right pocket book.

"None of your *sarse*, sir, in my own house," put in Miss Winkle, her small eyes flashing just as much fire as they could, and her voice pitched as high as "high E." "I don't take an insult but *once* from any man, Mr. Joel Higgins."

There was evident allusion to last night's party. Mr. Higgins cooled his temper as that of the lady rose. "Miss Winkle, could you wait a few days till I can go to my banker for the money—" began the trembling bachelor, but Mehitabel interrupted him.

"Go to your banker! Yes, and a *likely* chance I should have to see you after *that*! No, sir—I could not wait a day, nor *half* a day!—and in the meantime I would thank you to look for another place." *Another* thrust for his base desertion of her the evening before! Really her words were two-edged swords. He must open the subject and try to apologize.

"Miss Winkle, I'm sorry—very sorry indeed—but I did not mean any offence to you—indeed, ma'am—dear madam—could I ask your pardon?"

"No, you could not *get* it if you *did*," retorted the unchristian spirited Miss Winkle. "I'll do nothing but *settle*, and that for every mill, too—not I, indeed! You don't impose upon me but *once*," and Miss Winkle really endangered the china so nervously did she rattle it.

"Well, Miss Winkle, I have not the pocket money just now, (that was true) but I promise it next week, on the faith of a gentleman," stammered Joel, pushed to the very last extremity.

"Faith of a jackanapes, Mr. Joel Higgins! I've had enough of your *faith*! don't tell me of *faith*! there is not a man in the world that knows what it means. Pay me this very day, or I'll put the bill in the hands of Squire Clench for collection."

Miss Winkle stopped for want of breath to proceed, and Mr. Higgins plainly saw that the only way of safety was to bring his body of reserve

into the field, and even that began to look more doubtful every moment.

"My dear Mehit—Miss Winkle,"—Joel drew out his white perfumed handkerchief with one hand, and put it to his spectacles, and laid the other on his heart. His voice sounded like the shrill creaking of an old wheel, so very much affected was he. "O, my wretched fate! must all my heaven high hopes, my visions of Elysium Tempe, nay, Paradise itself, end thus in cruel disappointment? O, miserable man!" and, in the insupportable wretchedness of his situation, he seemed to feel the floor falling away beneath his feet, so he crept up a little nearer to the incensed woman, no doubt for a safe place to stand on, still industriously wiping the *tears off his spectacles!*

"May I say, sweet Hitabe, I have loved you with a first and only passion—a passion only death and the cold tomb can—can *quell*, and my little stratagem was only to discover to my own assurance, the state of your pure heart toward my unworthy self"—with some difficulty Mr. Higgins succeeded in a *genuflexion*. "Do you bid me despair, my lost Pleiad? tell me I may hope, sweetest of women, and I am yours for ever."

Miss Mehitabe Winkle's iron features softened—there he was—the man of all others in the world kneeling, where certainly no man ever knelt before, at *her* feet!—he had only been trying "to discover the state of her affections," by his attentions to "that little, contemptible, flaunting hussey, imprudently thrusting herself into his face and eyes—she had *wronged* him, and instead of repudiating her for her injustice and cruelty, there he was at her feet with his heart and hand, those precious long-coveted treasures, all so beautifully and touchingly proffered! What a christian he must be, thus to render tenfold good for the evil she meditated inflicting upon his devoted head! O! what a scene for an artist! Mr. Joel W. Higgins on his knees, at the imminent hazard of his straps, covering Miss Mehitabe Winkle's red cordy hand with kisses, the effervescence of the passion he had avowed, his spectacles concealed by his white handkerchief, and that envied damsel all melted down like butter under the equator, pouring out a torrent of repentant tears into her *D'Oyley!*

The curtain falls at this part of that middle-aged love scene—what reconciliations took place behind the curtain I have no license to reveal; but I presume on the fact that a great deal must have been done, for, when it rises, how the scene and the faces of the actors have changed! Sitting on the sofa close together, like two loving doves, all smiles and happiness, as if there never was any thing but sunshine and flowers in the world!—Mr. Joel W. Higgins thinking of bank-stock and winter quarters, and Miss Winkle thinking how fortunate she was to obtain a "*habeas corpus*" security on that debt for "board, fuel, lights, broken crockery, etc.

Mr. Higgins thought it politic to insist on a very early date as the era of his consummate bliss—he could not wait to call her his lovely wife!—(O shade of beautiful Juliana Banks! what a falsehood that was!)—to feel that no power on earth could wrest so much sweetness and gentleness

(and bank-stock) from him. Miss Winkle was "nothing loth,"—the name of Winkle might go into oblivion if it could be superseded by such a musical one as Higgins!

The intelligence flew on the wings of the wind; O yes, indeed, all over the town. The men were saucy enough to snicker and declare in open bar-rooms that they did not envy the bridegroom *his* happiness: *Their* wives could scold plenty enough, but *all together* they could not do so good a day's work at it as Hitty Winkle. The women held a convention at Miss Prudence Tell's, and discussed the whole affair from beginning to end, in all its aspects, prospects and probabilities, and concluded by wondering how Hitty managed "to get round him," and how he happened to be "so taken in." Miss Tell intimated that *she* had reason to think that Miss Winkle was guilty of the impropriety of making unmaidenly advances on the subject of the marriage, or it never would have been brought about. To her certain knowledge Hitty had said more than once that she could not do without him, and what was the inference in the minds of sensible and delicate women, but that she meant to have him, Miss Tell desired to know? Some one proposed that Mr. Higgins should be rescued before it was too late—at least that he should be suitably warned; but all declined to serve on so dangerous a mission. An anonymous communication was suggested, but there arose insuperable difficulties to that scheme, and they finally concluded if Mr. Higgins was such a fool as to run into the fire with his eyes wide open and his spectacles on, too, why let him repent at his leisure! It must be her *money*, and not Hitty Winkle, that he was after, and if he was so *base* and *mean* as to *marry for money*, Hitty Winkle was plenty good enough for him.

But these caustic remarks retarded operations not at all with the parties most concerned. As soon as the preliminaries could be arranged, cards were issued in city style, and the whole neighborhood was called in to witness the solemnization of nuptials between Mr. Joel W. Higgins and Miss Mehitabe Winkle. The old maids in attendance drily prophesied evil, when, after the irrevocable ceremony had been performed and the irrevocable promises "for better or worse" had been interchanged, the unlucky genius of the delighted bridegroom still followed him, and pursued him into the misfortune of overturning the bride's loaf upon the carpet, spilling the lemonade and breaking a plate and a tea-cup. But what of that, you bitter spinsters! Do you recollect the fable of the "fox and grapes?" It was not half so bad as to forget himself for an untoward moment, and address the blushing bride by the name she fancied she had cast off as a snake its skin—Miss Winkle! He had an illustrious precedent for that, however.—Lord Byron chronicles that he also called his new-made Peeress, plain plebeian "Miss Milbanke," when she had a right to the distinguished title of "Lady Byron."

Reader, I am unable to ravel the web of the future; so I cannot tell you the fate of my hero and heroine. It is their honey-moon yet—and whether it is "an elegant Katharine and Petruccio," or not, I cannot say. Some have insinuated,

calumniously, without doubt, that there are some *stings* in the honey already. The sin of such a suggestion is in their skirts who fabricate such mischievous sayings against the connubial harmony of Mr. and Mrs. Joel Wadd Higgins. I only

charge my pen with the fact, that the husband passes more of his time away from home than he did previous to his possession of that coveted cornucopia, the bundles of bank-stock, and Mrs. Higgins seldom finds it convenient to go with him.

THE BIBLIOPOLIST.

No. I.

BY SAHAL-BEN-HAROUN.

BOOKS.

"Gems, and Light and Flowers."

THE greatest of all pleasures to a mind of any sensibility is that derived from the perusal of works of literature, for, as it has been well observed by a late writer, "Books are the depository of every thing that is most honorable to man!" And this pleasure is not a little enhanced by the declaration of the same author, "He that loves reading has every thing within his reach!"

The ambition of the merely worldly man suffers immeasurably when contrasted with that of the aspirant for literary fame. The Order of Letters, though severe in its requirements, is ever just in the honors it confers; and knowing that the world too generally recognizes only through the medium of futurity, it has written on the banners of its countless hosts the simple but significant inscription—TIME!

The seeds of knowledge, therefore, are imperishable, though catacombed in the bosoms of dead Pharaohs; they bide their hour, and will in their appointed season flourish as lordly cedars, beneath whose shade the sons of men repose.

Who can read the words of glorious Milton without responding in his "heart of hearts" to the noble truths he utters? "Many a man," he writes, "lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life!" The "spirit's ladder," as it were, by which we reach the realms of truth.

No man can fairly read a gifted author without in some measure drinking in his spirit, and cordially agreeing with the "stern reformer," that books "contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are." "Nay," continues he, as if in confirmation of our position, "they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them!"

It is much to be regretted that sentiments so honorable as these have not always received the attention they deserve. By some, though happily the number is comparatively few, books are "an affectation of pedantry!" and the "ill-directors of the current and conduct of business," which alone

is necessary in their contracted estimation, "to make men as wise as they need be!" "As if," writes Clarendon, "the excellent endowments of nature would be eclipsed by reading books," or hinder thinking minds from acquiring more than they would attain by mere commerce with the world. Well might he add, and we would hope in indignation, that "such opinions hath gotten too much countenance in the world!"

The mere perusal of books, however, without subjecting their contents to the "alembic of thought," will render inert the intentions of the author, whose design—knowing the indolence of human nature—is to force us to reflection, and by presenting for our consideration direct ideas, enable us, by the operations of the mind, to pursue indirect ones; accurately to trace out new deductions, and justly to determine their effects and consequences.

"Thinking," says an old writer, "nurseth thinking;" and this process of "mental alchemy," if rightly directed, must result in our assimilation with the thoughts and feelings of the author, and confer on us the benefits of his wisdom and experience.

The student in his literary progress will derive no small interest in discovering, as he inevitably will, if he goes deep enough, the hidden germs of many of the happiest expressions which adorn the pages of our distinguished writers.

Almost every author of any standing in the ranks of literature may be regarded as a borrower, in a greater or less degree, from the commonwealth of letters. Even Shakspeare, Milton, Gray, are frequently indebted to their predecessors in "bokecraft." While, however, it is allowed that they have freely used the "shadowed thoughts" of more obscure authors, it must also be remembered that they have made a noble restitution in presenting to their readers, not a depreciated capital, but a thought refined, embellished, and stamped with the impress of a brighter genius.

The "excellence of knowledge" has been the "praise pre-eminent" of many who endured the whips and scorns of fortune, and proudly claimed

in "realms beyond, their triumph and reward."—Nor was their expectation less than just; they had "counted cost," and most determinately had ventured all for the bright goal and the ennobling cause; well knowing that their own prowess must "carve out their escutcheon," and that he who battles in the ranks of learning "begets his own nobility!"

It is greatly to the honor of Sir Philip Sidney, "himself of gentle blood," that he has pointedly recorded this ennobling power of letters. He writes in his "Defense of Poesy," "The ending of all earthly learning being virtuous action, those skills that most serve to bring forth that, have a most just title to be princes over the rest!"

It is to him, however, who, "poor" in the acceptance of the world, this "solacement of books" becomes most valuable. Books—his only wealth—are to him inestimable treasures, "rich gold and laden argosies,"—treasures he would not exchange for worldly honor, or barter for broad lands with all their "garniture of fields!"

Books are to him a "sovereign medicament," healing all the "rubs and sores of adverse life;" or like "pure rose-water in a crystal glass," not only grateful but restoring.

His books bring him content, "that priceless jewel," "with which," writes one, "no estate can be poor, and without which all estates will be miserable." In them he holds communion with the wise and good of by-gone ages, of whom he is the heir; and while he rightly uses the precious heritage of their "jewelled thoughts," he preserves their memory dear and perpetual among us, by showing to all who are governed by reason no other quality than their excellence is necessary to excite us to the love and practice of the wisdom they have bequeathed us.

The numerous and remunerating advantages to be derived from a careful method of reading are therefore confirmed by the experience of all whose judgment and opinion are entitled to respect. By a course of study thus governed and directed, the mind is rendered ductile and susceptible to excellencies, which the discriminating power of reflection enhances and invigorates. Treasures are discovered, the existence of which was not even conjectured; the portals of imagination are thrown wide for our admission, and the nicest shades of reason, fancy, truth, or error, are detected and defined with a precision and fidelity that surprises and delights.

Among nations, however, so decidedly commercial as are those of the present day, the devotion of the greater portion of their time to the study of books is the privilege of but few. For the mass, perhaps, this is fortunate; a dependance

entirely on literary labors is, alas! too frequently a hazardous experiment for personal comfort or pecuniary advantage. To meet the exigencies caused by this "great absorption," bulky volumes have given place to treatises, and pamphlets and reviews take precedence of more elaborate tomes.

This necessity for condensation is hinted by Addison, when he speaks of "the virtue of a full draught" being exhibited "in a few drops!" and in a still later period the venerable D'Israeli has written: "The more numerous part of mankind, by their occupations, or their indolence, both unfavorable causes to literary improvement, require to obtain the materials for thinking by the easiest and readiest means."

A suggestion of such importance, and coming, as it did, from the experience of one long and honorably distinguished as a leader in literary labors, has, as might naturally be expected, greatly influenced the minds of later authors; and we may not, perhaps, greatly err in attributing to these difficulties the vast increase of Reviews, Magazines, and "Reading for the Million," in which we have the essence of the author or subject placed immediately before us, their excellencies particularized, and their errors or deficiencies investigated and corrected.

These "hand-books of knowledge," and the method thus employed for communicating the most valuable information, are therefore peculiarly adapted for general readers in the present day, and many a half hour, that might otherwise have been less profitably engaged, has been devoted to the perusal of their pages, with an interest that has resulted in advantages little calculated at the moment.

We may, therefore, in summing up the numerous excellencies of books, justly regard them as entitled to our highest consideration, whether in the light of disinterested counsellors to inform and direct us, as the sincerest friends and advisers, or the most refined and delightful associates.

There is, however, another feature in books, which has been noticed (we believe) but by one writer, the author of "Coningsby;" it is, that passages, sometimes of great difficulty, are frequently explained or elucidated by other authors, with whose volumes the original book had not the remotest connection, and the subject of which question "is not even touched or referred to in the volume just closed!"

Books have, therefore, a pre-eminent claim on our honorable attention not only for the truths they immediately present us, but also, and with a no less degree of estimation, for their relative qualities in "pointing to beds where sovereign gold doth grow!"

OPEN THE BLINDS.

BY L. G. A.

LET the moon gleam with all her glory down,
 It is one little ray direct from Heaven,
 So pure—so holy—that I look for crown—
 And harp—and song—but none, alas! are given;
 But, Oh, its beauty, to my heart it steals
 And wakes a melody that angels hear,
 The love—the peace and joy—the song reveals,
 Is only manifest by starting tear,
 I sometimes fancy as I gaze on high,
 O'er the blue arch of heaven gem'd above,
 That the round moon's a *loophole* in the sky
 Whence come these heavenly streams of light and love.

In this green-wreathed world, so fair and still,
 No angel voice nor angel wing is heard,
 But their bright eyes are twinkling o'er the hill,
 Like eager listeners for some earthborn word,
 And, oh, that they should ever see below
 The deeds of sin and wrong that stain our earth,
 Or hear the notes of wailing or of woe,
 Caused by the inebriate in his fiendish mirth,
 Or that their holy minds should know so clear
 Of man's injustice and his cruel power,
 Methinks if they could ever shed a tear,
 Tears would oft fall on crushed hearts at this hour.

The mingled scene spread out o'er this wide earth,
 How to the *sinless* must the mass appear!
 Oh, what is man? Yes, even from the birth,
 Of every tongue and kindred breathing here,
 What strange diversity! and yet how same
 In all the wants of this strange human life,
 The Idol Worshipers of every name
 Have "fashioned" hearts like ours with feelings rife;
 But oh, how dark, as darkest night, the mind
 That looks not up in such an hour as this
 To the true God, in perfect love enshrined,
 Throbbing with pulse of love—and purest bliss.

How can man live surrounded with the rays
 That fall around him in the moonlit hour,
 And dare commit a *crime*—or stain his ways
 With sin's *pollution*—and temptation's *power*
 The presence of pure beings can but *awake*,
 They love not sin among the good in Heaven,
 Nor mar its purity—or break its law—
 This wilful blindness—*can it be forgiven?*
 Above all this, we have a clearer light
 From God's own holy word outshining all—
 Each word, each thought, comes from a source so bright,
 That no one ever in the dark need fall.

THE BRIDAL OF WOE.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

DIMLY the shadows stretch across the seas,
 With glistering frost the window pane is white;
 And the blind winds go moaning through the trees—
 O! 'tis a mournful night!

Under the rafters, where, in summer's heat,
 The twittering swallow hung her nest of clay,
 The new-milked heifer, sheltered from the sleet,
 Chews the sweet-scented hay.

On southern slopes, hard by the leafy wold,
 Where the stray sunbeams all the day kept warm,
 Instinct is shepherding the harmless fold
 From the ice-bearded storm.

The watch-dog, shivering couchant on the sill,
 Watches the moon, slow sailing up the sky,
 Nor answers, calling from the churchyard hill,
 The owlets frequent cry.

In the dim grass the little flowers are dead,
 No more his song the grasshopper awakes,
 And the pale silver of the spider's thread,
 No wanton wild-bird breaks.

Meekly the cold lips of the dying day
 Prest the pale forehead of the evening star,
 While brightly wildering constellations lay,
 Like village hills afar.

Yet did my soul, whose flights have sometimes stirred
 The clouds that curtain back eternity,
 Lie wailing in my bosom, like a bird,
 Driven far out at sea.

On such a night my heart was wed to pain,
 And joy along its surface can but gleam,
 Like the red threads of morning's fiery skein
 Along the frozen stream.

HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

American Female Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices. By Caroline May. pp. 532 8vo. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston.

Our transatlantic brethren in the critical department, seem to have adopted it as a general rule—despite the remonstrances of a few, more prone to gallantry—that, when a female enters upon the literary arena, she is entitled to no more forbearance from the judges than they would exercise towards her masculine compeers. But the American spirit generally savors far more of politeness—far enough, in some instances, to excite a smile. Let it but be known that the compiler of any new book is a female, straightway all uncourtly thoughts disappear; the fiercest critic bites his pen in moody silence; and the milder ones pour forth laudations *usque ad nauseam*. In the course of the following remarks we shall adopt neither extreme, saying only what we think, but pursuing disagreeable investigations no farther than candor and a regard for the true interests of literature may demand.

Miss May has written a book of very tolerable merit, as regards style and execution. But the nature of its general plan does not redound so much to her credit. The work before us purports to contain "biographical and critical notices" of our female poets. Now we would respectfully ask, in what sense are we to understand the word *poet* as in said title. We have always been accustomed to hold opinions of a high nature with regard thereto. By that expressive dissyllable, as legitimately used, we understand those, and those only, who have a claim to membership in that holy and venerated brotherhood, which reckons among its numbers Shakspeare and Milton, Chaucer and Spenser, Pope, Dryden, Akenside, Gray, and, in more modern times, Burns, Cowper, Coleridge, Scott, Moore, Byron, Bryant and Halleck. A claim to the title of poet, implies a hold on futurity; a claim to immortal renown. The true poet is a being who seems literally to belong to another sphere than ours—who is able, like Ariel—

"————— to fly
————— to ride
On the curled cloud—"

whose delicacy of perception seems to the grosser clods around both incomprehensible and unapproachable—who has the mind of a giant though frequently—as was especially the case with poor Chatterton—in the body of a child. Such beings are poets—such, at least, as we have been long accustomed to consider them. But Miss May appears to think differently. Her immortal names are gleaned—and that by a not very laborious search—from the corners of newspapers, from the pages of Lady's Books and Annuals. There are in the length and breadth of our land many lady scribblers in our popular magazines, who have been deluded by friends and flatterers into the belief that they are prodigies—and whose effusions are pronounced "beautiful" by straight-haired, thin-faced school-girls. And there is scarcely one such who does not figure in the high-sounding list of "American Female Poets." Truly, the publication of this book will prove an era of glad tidings—a promise of future renown to many who have never before dreamed of acquiring eminence above the vulgar herd. Every boarding-school Miss, every sentimental young lady, who weeps over Werner and Ned Buntline, and escheweth as the plague any approach to solid reading, has now a fair promise of future

glory. Let her but purchase a rhyming dictionary, a gold pen, with a few reams of superfine gilt-edged, and she may hope at no distant day to win unlimited honor and renown; to be humbly revered by editors and publishers, and gently wafted by obsequious biographers into the seventh heaven of "Female Poets."

But in sober earnest, the quality of modern poetry has become so extensively deteriorated of late years, as to demand serious animadversion. The Lake School has, undoubtedly, effected a most praiseworthy revolution in our poetry. It would be difficult to show that Coleridge and Scott really lose anything by comparison with Pope and Dryden. The sober and measured hexameter; the "trailing Alexandrine;" the strangely idiomatic expressions, which so often remind us of a literal translation from Virgil; the close and painfully minute attention to arbitrary rules, have, to a great extent, disappeared. There have, it is true, been many stubborn prejudices to overcome, and some in quarters where we should have least expected them. Byron always looked up to Pope with a reverence, which he would never have condescended to bestow upon any of his own contemporaries. He thought Childe Harold and the Siege of Corinth but contemptible scribbles, when compared with the works of his venerated master. Yet there is not a man of refined taste who would hesitate for a moment to admit that the poetry of Scott and Byron is far, very far, superior to that of Pope. And the first may be taken as specimens of the new school; the other as a master of the old. But, nevertheless, while we see and smile at the faults of the ancient doctrine, and the excesses to which its admirers have proceeded, we should not forget that one extreme is as dangerous as the other, and that the bigoted admirer of "the Lake" may be led even farther into error than he who advocates the cause of the ancient school. No better illustrations of fact can be given, than the specimens of rhyme scattered in such profusion among our popular monthlies and weeklies. The force, the beauty, the expressiveness, and the disregard of absurd and pedantic rules, which characterize the lake school, have been sometimes refined into absolute nothingness. In the hands of zealous, and weak minded imitators, they have extensively degenerated into a delicate prettiness of style, a sacrifice of sense to sound, and a contempt of rules, good as well as bad, that would have made Dr. Blair hold up his hands in rhetorical dismay. The feeling with which we read, or listen to, most popular rhythmic of the day, is not unlike that which naturally arises in our minds upon hearing what *Æschylus* terms: a sensation of soft and musical sounds—a pleasant nothingness. And this is precisely the feeling produced in us by reading most of these "Female Poets."

Furthermore we have another serious charge, viz: *piracy*, to prefer against many of those fair ladies, whom Miss May has seen fit to consign to immortal fame. We are sorry to say that most of our magazine writers, including the above-mentioned "Female Poets," are most sinful and incurable plagiarists. We have no doubt, that, in a great many instances, the crime was involuntary, but, whether purposely or not, it has been committed to a fearful extent. No man thoroughly versed in our standard literature, can fail to recognize legions of his old acquaintances, more or less disguised, among the poetries involved in the work before us. We give one or two specimens, selected at random from those various effusions on which the authors would probably

be most willing to venture their claims to immortality. The first is from the "Sinless Child," by Mrs. Oakes Smith:

"No latch is raised, no step is heard,
But a phantom fills the space,
A sheeted spectre from the dead,
With cold and leaden face.

* * * *

Then softly on the stepdame's arm,
She laid a death-cold hand,
Yet it hath scorched within the flesh,
Like to a burning brand."

The last verse, which is one of the best in the whole episode, is conveyed from Scott's "Eve of St. John," and very little improved in the conveyance. *Ecce probationem*:

"He laid his left palm on an oaken beam,
His right upon her hand,
The lady shrunk, and fainting, sunk,
For it scorched like a fiery brand!"

Again, in Mrs. Welby's poem entitled "Musings," we have the following:

"For every wave with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there."

In the works of one of the "illustrious ten"—Keats, if we recollect rightly—we find the same thing:

"The stars were trembling in the arms
Of Ocean ———."

It might be thought incumbent on us to pursue the investigation farther. But it is unnecessary. Any of our literary friends can carry it out as far as they may see fit.

We must now say, that if any of our readers are inclined to think, from the above remarks, that we intend to treat our lady friends with unmitigated severity, or to inculcate the doctrine that America has no female poets on whom she may justly pride herself—they are greatly mistaken. The names of Mrs. Sigourney, of Lucretia Davidson, and her no less gifted sister, form a literal ———. Some of their productions will never be forgotten so long as English literature exists. What we have heretofore objected to is the undue meed of praise allotted to those whose claims to a lasting renown are, at best, very doubtful. But while we refuse to grant to the majority of those whose lives Miss May has written, the high place which she would assign them, we must say that their works contain, after a thorough excision of all defects, much that may well form a proud chaplet for the writers. There are in the volume before us many thoughts of which no poet need be ashamed—thoughts glowing, elevated, and evincing the existence of delicate perception, and pure taste in the bosoms of the authors. To be included among those who may be termed our national poets, whose works will be read and admired, when the smoke and din of cities arise, where are now seen only trackless forests and interminable prairies, is a lot which falls to none save those inspired by the highest and purest talent. We have no doubt that Homer and Dryden, Byron and Mrs. Hemans, will be read and quoted by our descendants of the twenty-first century, as frequently as they are by ourselves. And we have no more doubt that, at that time, Fanny Forester and Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Welby and Mrs. Hale, will be as completely forgotten as though they had never been. All these ladies possess, without doubt, highly cultivated minds, delicate and pure feelings, but they are not poets. Their productions may amuse, but they are altogether unfit for those who would read poetry with a view of refining their

taste and modelling their style. As contributors to Godey and Graham, they are altogether in their element—as the "Female Poets of America," they are altogether out of it.

In fine we would assure Miss Caroline May that we have a great deal of respect for her talents, and shall rejoice to see them employed on subjects which will reflect more credit upon her judgement than the present work. E. P. C.

Nature; Addresses, and Lectures. By R. W. Emerson. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1849.

These Addresses and Lectures are but a small part of what Mr. Emerson has delivered, but they afford an index to the man's mind, and a perfect idea of his method of expression. For some reason, which we have never heard any one attempt to account for, Emerson has been called an imitator of Carlyle, and accused of perverting the genius of our language by strange distortions, and applying old words to new uses. But there is nothing to found such opinions on in any of the published productions of our New England philosopher, who is certainly no imitator, and, as a writer of idiomatic and pure English, deserves to rank with the foremost authors of the day. He does not repeat the common babble of the day, but thinks his own thoughts and utters them in simple, sweet, and transparent sentences. The first of the Essays, in the volume before us, is called "Nature;" it was the first of the author's published productions, and as soon as published gained him the attention of thoughtful and intelligent auditors. As a literary composition it may be placed at the head of all the philosophical essays produced in the New World. The introduction, like the overture to an opera, gives the key note to the performances which follow:

"Our age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories, and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? Embosomed for a season in nature, whose floods of life stream around and through us, and invite us by the powers they supply, to action proportioned to nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? The sun shines to-day also. There is more wool and flax in the fields. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works and laws and worship."

"Undoubtedly we have no questions to ask which are unanswerable. We must trust the perfection of the creation so far, as to believe that whatever curiosity the order of things has awakened in our minds, the order of things can satisfy. Every man's condition is a solution in hieroglyphic to those inquiries he would put. He acts it as life, before he apprehends it as truth. In like manner, nature is already, in its forms and tendencies, describing its own design. Let us interrogate the great apparition, that shines so peacefully around us. Let us inquire, to what end is nature?"

"All science has one aim, namely, to find a theory of nature. We have theories of races and of functions, but scarcely yet a remote approach to an idea of creation. We are now so far from the road to truth, that religious teachers dispute and hate each other, and speculative men are esteemed unsound and frivolous. But to a sound judgment, the most abstract truth is the most practical. Whenever a true theory appears, it will be its own evidence. Its test is, that it will explain all phenomena. Now many are thought not only unexplained but inexplicable; as language, sleep, madness, dreams, beasts, sex."

"Philosophically considered, the universe is composed of Nature and the Soul. Strictly speaking, therefore, all that is separate from us, all which Philosophy distinguishes as the NOT ME, that is, both nature and art, all other men and my own body, must be ranked under this name, NATURE. In enumerating the values of nature and casting up their sum, I shall use the word in both senses;—in its common and in its philosophical import. In inquiries so general as our present one, the inaccuracy is not material; no confusion of thought will occur. Nature, in the common sense, refers to essences unchanged by man; space, the air, the

river, the leaf. Art is applied to the mixture of his will with the same things, as in a house, a canal, a statue, a picture. But his operations taken together are so insignificant, a little chipping, baking, patching, and washing, that in an impression so grand as that of the world on the human mind, they do not vary the result."

The Addresses and Lectures are nine in number, delivered on different occasions between the years 1837 and 1844. The last one is "The Young American," which was read before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, in February 1844, and it contains matter that every young American should read and remember. The volume is an exceedingly neat one and is creditable to the Boston Press, which, we are constrained to admit, issues better looking books than the Press of New York or Philadelphia.

The Invisible Gentleman. New York: Dewitt and Davenport. 1849.

This is a cheap reprint of an English novel by the author of "Charley the Fatalist;" but who he may be, or what his claims to a position in the literary world, we are unable to state either from hearsay or conviction. He is an invisible gentleman to us, and we must be content to leave him until a more convenient time shall occur for making a closer acquaintance with his merits.

The Little Savage. By Captain Marryatt, R. N. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.

Since the days of De Foe there has been no writer of fiction, among the literati of England, whose style is so admirably adapted to story telling as that of Captain Marryatt. He is always interesting from his simplicity of manner, and generally instructive and amusing, excepting when he attempts to soar into the region of romance, as he has done in some of his sea novels. In his stories, written for the amusement and instruction of young readers, like the "Little Savage," he is incomparably the best of the many writers of his class which the past twenty years have produced.

The Architect. By W. H. Ranlett. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. 1849.

The concluding numbers of the second volume of this serial publication, fully sustain the promise of the first numbers which we noticed some months since. It is, unquestionably, the ablest and most elegant work on rural architecture, and the subjects connected therewith, that has ever been published in this country; and, so far as our observation extends, it deserves to rank with the best English works of the kind. The designs are nearly all good, and all are extremely well executed; the text, though brief, is instructive; and the specifications are full, exact and reliable. It is a work that must effect an immense deal of good in diffusing an elevated taste in architecture, and in bettering the condition of those who dwell in suburban and country house.

Frank Forester's Fish and Fishing of the United States and British Provinces of North America. Illustrated from Nature by the Author. By Henry William Herbert. New York: Stringer & Townsend. 1849.

Frank Forester unites in his person certain qualities that have never met together in an American Author. He is a gentleman by birth; an excellent classical scholar; an elegant writer of fiction; a thorough sportsman; an artist with the pencil, and an accomplished naturalist. With such qualifications as these, and an extensive practical knowledge of his subjects, he was just the right person to make a book on the fish and fishing of his adopted country. He has accordingly given us a work which is interesting to the general reader, valuable to the student of natural history, and indis-

pensable to the intelligent sportsman with the rod and line. The volume is one of the most beautiful that has been issued from the American Press; the illustrations are accurately drawn—excepting the ornamental tail pieces, which are a blemish—and very neatly engraved and printed. It is a delight to read Mr. Herbert's enthusiastic description of our "brook trout," and the fish themselves would be as much charmed at the manner in which they are spoken of by their accomplished admirer, as they were at the preaching of St. Anthony. There is not a member of the salmonidæ but should esteem himself happy to be pulled out of the water by so tender and hearty an admirer. We regret that our limited space will not permit us to extract from this elegant volume some of the passages which we had marked for the delectation of our readers.

Institutes of Theology. By the late Thomas Chalmers. 2 Vols.: Vol. 1. Harper & Brothers. 1849.

The first volume of the Institutes of Theology forms the seventh volume of the Posthumous Works of the eminent Scotch Divine, now in course of publication by Harper and Brothers, and Edited by Rev. William Hanna.

Frontenac; or The Atotarha of the Iroquois. A Metrical Romance. By Alfred B. Street. From Bentley's London Edition. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1849.

Mr. Street's reputation as a descriptive poet, which is deservedly high, will gain him a large number of readers for this long romance, but we doubt its adding to his fame as an author. Three hundred pages of rhyming narrative, after the manner of Marmion, may be easily read, but not easily remembered. One half as much would be worth twice as much. But the author should be the best judge of the requisite space which his narrative must occupy, and we must receive his work as he chooses to frame it, and not as we would prefer to have it. Frontenac is a French name, but the story is American; it was first published in London and well received by the English critics. The volume is decorated with a portrait of the author, who is an amiable looking gentleman in spectacles. The hero of the tale was Governor of Canada in 1700, and the incidents relate to his struggles and battles with the wily Iroquois. There is ample opportunity for Mr. Street to indulge in his peculiar vein, the minute description of forest scenery, in which he excels any of our native poets.

There are many beautiful passages which we would extract if we had space, but we can only afford room for the following:

MASS FOR THE DEAD.

Sunset again o'er Quebec
Spread like a gorgeous pall;
Again does its rich glowing loveliness deck
River, and castle, and wall.
Follows the twilight haze,
And now the star-gemmed night;
And out bursts the Recollects' church in a blaze
Of glittering spangling light.
Crowds in the spacious pile
Are thronging the aisles and nave,
With soldiers from altar to porch, in file,
All motionless, mute, and grave.
Censers are swinging around,
Wax-lights are shedding their glare,
And, rolling majestic its volume of sound,
The organ oppresses the air.
The saint within his niche,
Pillar, and picture, and cross,
And the roof in its soaring and stately pitch
Are gleaming in golden gloss.
The chorister's sorrowing strain
Sounds shrill as the winter breeze.
Then low and soothing, as when complain
Soft airs in the summer trees,
The taper-starred altar before,

Deep mantled in mourning black,
 With sabre and plume on the pail spread o'er,
 Is the coffin of Frontenac.
 Around it the nobles are bowed,
 And near are the guards in their grief,
 Whilst the sweet-breathing incense is wreathing its cloud
 Over the motionless chief
 But the organ and singer have ceased,
 Leaving a void in air,
 And the long-drawn chaunt of the blazoned priest
 Rises in supplance there.
 Again the deep organ shakes
 The walls with its mighty tone,
 And through it again the sweet melody breaks
 Like a sorrowful spirit's moan.
 A sudden silence now;
 Each knee has sought the floor:
 The priest breathes his blessing with upturned brow,
 And the requiem is o'er.

Half Hours with the Best Author's. By Charles Knight.
 4 vols. John Wiley. New York. 1849.

To those who lack the means of procuring a library of the best books, and the time to read them, these volumes are a most valuable gift. The task of selection has been admirably performed by Mr. Knight, and the American publisher has done his part well by issuing the volumes in a form which is at once elegant, cheap, and convenient. These four volumes form a library of literature, without anything that needs excision, or that could well be spared. It is gratifying to see how largely our American authors have been quoted from, and it is very evident that Mr. Knight is one of those Englishmen, whose existence the Edinburgh Review doubted, that reads an American book. He has read a good many American books, and has judiciously selected the best parts of the best of them. We cannot say of these volumes, that "no library can be considered complete without them," but we can say with entire propriety that no house should be considered complete without this library.

MR. PUTNAM'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Among the recent works issued by G. P. Putnam of Broadway, are:

The Fountain of Living Waters, in a Series of Sketches.
 By A. Layman.

Success in Life. The Merchant. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill.

Clarence; or a Tale of our Own Times. By the Author of *Hope Leslie*. 1 vol.

The first of these is a very neat little volume, most generously made up with the finest paper and the prettiest type, of which we need say no more than it is very pious and full of good intentions. There are many who think that books of this class are profitable reading for the young, and to such we commend this as one of the best and best looking of the kind. But, for our own part, we must not deny that we have no faith in this method of instilling religious principles into the hearts of young or old.

"SUCCESS IN LIFE" is a work of similar aim to the above; but of a more practical nature, as its sub-title, the Merchant, indicates. Like the above it is probably intended for youthful readers, and teaches the young merchant how to succeed in life by giving examples of how others have succeeded.—The examples of the mercantile value of honesty and intellectual improvement, are drawn from the lives of American merchants from the time of John Hancock down to Jonathan Goodhue; both Massachusetts men. The volume is an exceedingly neat one, and is illustrated, or ornamented, with handsome wood cuts. It is to be followed by other volumes

illustrating Success in Life by examples drawn from the Lawyer, Mechanic, Artist, Physician and Farmer. An excellent scheme.

"CLARENCE" is the author's revised edition, the first of the new series of works by Miss Sedgwick, to be published in the elegant style of the republication, by Mr. Putnam, of the works of Irving and Cooper. Clarence is too well known to need a comment. The volume is ornamented with a portrait of the authoress which does not much resemble her, and an engraved title page in which we have the novelty of fac simile autographs of the author and publisher.

Miss Sedgwick says in the preface to the new edition of this once popular tale:

"A remark of Johnson's, based on a mean quality in human nature, is not true of my countrymen; they do NOT rate a living writer by his poorest production. On the contrary, they have perhaps an undue partiality for native living writers, and, therefore, I hope they will not think me guilty of presumption, or temerity, in republishing old works, forgotten perhaps by most of their readers. I am aware that novels are, for the most part, entitled only to an ephemeral interest, and that the amount which mine were so fortunate as to obtain at their first publication, was owing to the fact that but a few fellow-workers divided the favor of my countrymen with me. Since the "New England Tale," my first unassuming production, appeared, many gifted native writers have enriched our romantic literature. A new mine has been opened in the north. Frederika Bremer has electrified us with a series of works that have the richness, and raciness of European literature, and the purity, and healthfulness of our own. Other northern lights have shone upon us. Almost every weekly steamer brings us from England a new novel, written by some man or woman of genius; and France sends out by scores romances, to stimulate anew the wearied and sated appetite.

"I certainly do not expect that my home and artless products, can compete with these rich foreign fabrics. If they have no intrinsic and independent merit, they certainly are not worth republication, but if they have, it is an incident in their favor, that they relate to our own history and condition, while the English novels illustrate a very different stage of civilization from ours; and the French romances portray that which we trust ours will never reach. Of the first we may say 'it ripens and ripens,' of the last, 'it rots and rots.'

"Since there are publishers generous enough to pay the tax imposed by a copyright, I hope to find readers who will relish a book for its home atmosphere—who will have something of the feelings of him who said he would rather have a single apple from the garden of his father's house than all the fruits of France.

"I should be ungrateful to many old and kind friends, if I did not acknowledge that I have been in part persuaded to a republication, by their expressed desire to revive their old acquaintance with the books now out of print. I should not be true if I did not avow my wish to make acquaintance and friendship with the generation that has grown up since my novels were published—with the young, ardent, and generous, the great class of novel readers, in whose memory I may live for a little while after my contemporaries and myself shall have passed away.

"The selection of Clarence as the first in the series of republication has been accidental. The others will follow at intervals, and the series will include the smaller works, written for the largest class of readers and for children."

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

IT is but eight months since the departure of the Proprietor of this Magazine for California was announced in our columns, and our readers were promised a series of letters from him descriptive of the men and manners, the country and mines of that gold-abounding land. The friends of the youthful and generous adventurer had anticipated much from his indefatigable enterprise, his keenness of observation, and that appreciating tact, so peculiar to his countrymen, which enabled him under all circumstances, and in all places, to adapt himself to his exigencies and make the most of his opportunities. But

"Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,"

compel us now to announce to the readers of this Magazine the melancholy fact, which will have reached the ears of the majority of them, from the echoes of the public press, long before this, that all these hopeful anticipations have been destroyed by Death.

"The fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes to blind Fury with abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life."

Mr. Holden died at Cotton Wood Creek, on the Upper Sacramento, on the 30th of June last, in the twenty third year of his age. He had been on a tour of observation, and was returning to Sutter's Fort when he was attacked by the disease, which, in four days, took him from this toiling world.

Mr. Holden united in his person all the elements necessary to success in life, and by success we mean the attainment of those objects of an honorable ambition, which impel our struggling youth "to scorn delights and live laborious days." He had not been enervated by an idle boyhood, but was thrown upon the world to make his own road to fortune at a time when boys are usually pursuing their education at school. But the world was his seminary of learning, and he gathered a greater amount of useful knowledge than many men of his years have ever possessed.—He had a remarkably good constitution, and a fine healthy and intellectual countenance, which served him as a letter of credit wherever he presented himself, and ensured him a friendly reception at sight. He was born at Barre, in the State of Massachusetts, and was at an early age left an orphan. From his connexion with the Evening Mirror, and other newspaper establishments, he had become perfectly familiar with the details of the publishing business, and projected the Dollar Magazine from the conviction, which the result of the enterprise justifies, that such a work could be made not only the means of diffusing good to a vast number of people, but also a source of permanent profit.—Unhappily he was led, by his buoyant and enthusiastic spirit, to leave his business for a season, to seek in the gold region the means of carrying out to the fullest extent the plan which he had projected of a great popular literary periodical. He failed in his noble attempt.

"Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime."

It occasions a feeling of peculiar sadness to reflect on the death of one who died under such circumstances, to think what he might have been if he had lived, with the enlarged field of labor which had already opened before him, and upon which he had already entered. Among the honorable testimonies which have appeared in favor of our departed friend, we have read with peculiar pleasure one written by

Mr. Alfred E. Beach, one of the Editors and Proprietors of the Sun Newspaper. He and Mr. Holden were companions at school in their younger days, and had been intimate friends ever since.

It is proper to add here, that the Magazine will continue to be published, without any change in the business or editorial departments, at the same office, and on the same terms as heretofore. Many important improvements will be made, in conformity with plans projected before the death of the original proprietor. Although the illustrations heretofore given have been numerous enough, and good enough, if we judge from the commendations bestowed upon them, yet they will be better hereafter; the paper will be better, the type will be new, and every effort has been and will continue to be made, to secure for our pages the best literary contributions that the talent, learning and genius of the country can afford. Without intending to disparage any other periodical, we confidently assure the public that none shall be superior to this, let the price be what it may. There is no egotism in this; we merely state what we believe.

THE great topic of the last month has been the rupture between our National Government and Mr. Poussin the Ambassador from the French Republic, which has produced a vast number of strong editorials, and a much vaster amount of weak speculation in private circles, as conversations in barber's shops are called. Happily the only war that is likely to spring out of this small affair is a war of words, in which it commenced and in which it will end.—The best thing we have seen in relation to the matter is the following epigram which appeared in the Metropolis, a weekly paper published in this city.

Oh! Major Poussin,
Where's the use in
Keeping up the joke?
Your wordy wars,
And worse cigars,
Will end in naught but smoke.

But Master Lewey
Scarcely knew who he
Sent so far from home;
You've got what t'other
Tried to smother,
Liberty to Roam.

How little do those who enjoy the luxuries and conveniences of life know at what expenses of life, of time, of labor, of suffering, of capital and calculation they are procured. Who ever thinks, when sipping a cup of coffee, of the sufferings of the slave whose labor produced the berry from which the luxurious decoction is produced, or the sugar with which it is sweetened, to say nothing of the perils and sufferings of the sailor who brought it from far off countries, or of those nearer home who prepared it for use. It is well, perhaps, that thoughts like these do not trouble us, for they would be sure antidotes to enjoyment if they did, and our luxuries would become a cruel misery to us.—Who reflects on reading his morning paper on the manifold hazards incurred in making up the sheet which is so eagerly sought for, and so careless relinquished. An English paper, in giving an account of the complicated machinery employed to gather news for the London papers, says:

"When a mail packet is due at Southampton, watchmen are employed day and night by newspaper proprietors to look out for her. In the day time, when the weather is clear, and there is not much wind stirring, the smoke of a large mail packet in the Solent, may be seen by looking from the quay over Cadlands; but homeward-bound steamers are generally made out by means of powerful telescopes after they have passed Eaglehurst Castle, by looking over the flat tongue of land which terminates where Calshot Castle stands. When she rounds Calshot Castle a rocket is thrown up from her, which is a mail packet signal. As soon as the rocket is observed, the watchmen are in motion, running in different directions up the town. In a few minutes may be seen stealthily gliding towards the quay a few persons, who if it be a winter night, would scarcely be recognizable, disguised as they appear to be in greatcoats, comforters, and every kind of waterproof covering for the head, feet and body. These persons are the outport newspaper agents. They make for the head of the quay, and each jumps into a small yacht, which instantly darts from the shore.

"Cold, dark and cheerless as it may be, the excitement on board the yachts is very great in calculating which will reach the steamer first; and at no regatta is there more nautical science displayed, or more keen and earnest contention. Let us suppose the time to be about six o'clock of a dark winter morning, the yachts reach the steamer just as 'ease her' has been hoarsely bawled by the pilot off Netley Abbey. As soon as *pratique* has been granted, the newspaper agents climb up the side of the steamer, oftentimes by a single rope, and at the risk of their lives, and jump on board. The excitement and contention now to reach the shore is far more intense, than was the case during the attempt to reach the ship. While making for the shore, sometimes in the most tempestuous weather, perhaps the rain peppering down, and the wind blowing great guns, or thunder and lightning overhead, the foreign journals are hastily examined by means of a lantern similar to that used by policemen, the most important items of foreign news which they contain are immediately detected, and the form in which they must be transmitted to London arranged in the mind. The agents are landed as near as possible to the electric telegraph office, sometimes on the shoulders of their boatmen through the surf or mud. They arrive at the telegraph office, and to write down their message is the work of a few minutes only."

FREDERIKA BREMER.—This delightful novelist, who has revealed to us a new domestic world, and made the inhabitants of Finland and Sweden seem like next door neighbors, arrived in New York in the early part of last month. It is said that she comes on a visit to Mr. Downing of Newburgh, the well known author of a work on Landscape Gardening. But Miss Bremer will not be allowed to make her visit a private one; there are multitudes of grateful readers who will feel it their right and duty to extend to her a welcome in the New World. As we have feted the foreigners of distinction who have heretofore visited us, why should we not treat Miss Bremer to a public tea party, at which all the literati, female and male, should assist? A ball and a supper would be too common-place an affair, and we believe that Miss Bremer's dancing days are over. The tea party would be the thing. The officers should be literary ladies; the matronly Mary Clavers, who more nearly resembles the distinguished Swede than any of our lady writers, should preside over the first tea-pot, assisted by Mrs. Child, Miss Sedgwick, Maria Lowell, Anne C. Lynch, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Osgood and Mrs. Hewitt. But Miss Bremer will not

lack for attentions. We only hope that she will remain long enough among us to be able to write a book about us, for it would be a pleasant thing to read the remarks of so true a woman, and genial a writer, on our manners and scenery.

The mention of Miss Bremer, and the probability of her writing a book about us, naturally calls to mind Mrs. Trollope and her book. Mrs. Trollope has just published a new novel in London, in which we are again shown up in her peculiar manner, which is described by an English critic as "hearty, intrepid and dashing;" but which has always struck us as bold, coarse and ungenial. Her new novel is called, rather ambitiously, *The Old World and the New*, but its scenes are chiefly in the New. One of the last things we should be guilty of would be to quarrel with those who tell us of our faults; it is a profitable thing to have some one at our elbow to remind us that we are mortal; therefore, we have not a particle of prejudice against Mrs. Trollope on the score of her book about our domestic manners, which, in truth, she was almost as ignorant of as if she had never lived a day in the country. Mrs. Trollope has many good hearty qualities in spite of all her coarseness and high torism. The following extract from her new novel is indicative of the active qualities of her own vigorous mind. She says:

"Of all the numerous heaven-born host of innate blessings bestowed upon us by the tender prophetic love of our Divine Creator, a constitutionally active mind is perhaps the greatest. The last, lowest, deepest misery of despondency, a sinking languid spirit, is, almost of necessity, unknown to it. To an active mind all things possible are more or less within its reach, and, even if this storehouse of hope should fail, then things impossible will give exercise to faculties less healthful and less profitable perhaps, but not always less enjoyable and consolatory." And then she goes on to remark that Samson (as depicted by Milton) "must have wanted this active principle," which she truly observes is "not always bestowed in conjunction with great bodily strength."

The "*Old World and the New*" has not been republished in this country, but it will not be suffered to lie fallow long, and, in our next number, we may be able to give a notice of it at length. But, let Mrs. Trollope's talents be good, bad, or indifferent, it is very certain that she does not excel in delineating the characters of us Yankees. She does not know enough about us to caricature us. Here is a small specimen from her new novel. An American clergyman is made to speak in this wise to a young English woman:

"No great loss, young lady, no great loss. Take my word for it, that it is quite as well that so it should be. But it is not needful, I guess, for me to tell you, a staying visitor with that truly pious lady, Mrs. Reynolds, what my standing is at Cincinnati. I scorn all mock modesty, my dear young lady; I despise it from the very bottom of my heart; it is unworthy of a man, and still more of a clergyman, and most of all of an evangelical, free-born, United States divine. So I will tell you without scruple, my dear young friend, that I am considered here, and for a considerable big circle round, as the most influential preacher in the country; and I shall have great pleasure in letting you hear me preach.—Your being from the old country will make no difference in that respect to me. I shall look upon you as one of my congregation, and value your immortal well-doing accordingly." And here Mr. Andover held out his hand to Katherine, and grasped hers, which she gave him, because she did not know how to help it, very affectionately."

A NEW ANECDOTE OF WHITFIELD.—The editor of the *Christian Inquirer*, one of the most interesting weekly papers published in this city, as it is one of the handsomest in appearance published in the country, relates the following anecdote of the great Whitfield which we do not remember having seen before in print:

"A man came to see Whitfield, making a great parade of his humility, and telling a long story about his great wickedness and terrible depravity. Whitfield having rather pleasanter company waiting for him, got a little vexed at last with his tedious and canting visitor, and said to him: 'Why don't you go home and relate all that to your Maker; he can tell whether it is true or not; which I can't.' The rebuke was deserved. Such confession of sin, is not over trustworthy."

OUR readers who have read *Jane Eyre* and the *Tenant of Wildfell Hall* will be glad to learn that the Harpers have announced a new romance from the pen of the author of these remarkable tales. The same publishers also announce a novel, called "*Redburn*," by the author of *Typee*; and a Boston house announces a new volume of poems by Longfellow, with the title of "*The Fireside and the Seaside*." Mr. Putnam has announced a new novel by Cooper entitled "*The Ways of the Hour*," which promises something new.

FRANK FORRESTER'S MISTAKES.—We have noticed elsewhere the elegant publication on the game fishes of America by Frank Forrester. We thought it a complete book, but a critic in the *Literary World* points out a few mistakes and omissions by the learned author. It appears that he has not even named the *Mullet*, which is a remarkable omission. The *Literary World* says:

"Little attention has been paid to the fish, and none to the fishing of the extreme south. The omission of one variety we were much surprised at, the 'Alligator Gar,' which has lately attracted much attention, and is, we understand, pronounced by M. Agassiz to be the only connecting link between the antediluvian and the present era of fish. Of the Red fish, or Red Snapper, he has said but little, and of the mode of taking them nothing; but it strikes us that had he ever experienced, as we have, the pleasure of landing a forty pounder, he would have considered the sport as almost equal to salmon fishing. The 'Buffalo Fish' is not mentioned, and the 'Green Trout,' (the pompano) the 'Jew Fish,' the 'Croaker,' the gigantic 'Grand Ecoy,' the 'Mullet,' all share the same ignominious fate. Of the whereabouts of the Sheephead he is very much mistaken. He asserts that the fish is never seen south of the Mississippi, when the fact is, that a comparatively small proportion are found north of it. We have no fish in our northern waters one half so numerous as the sheephead is in the different bays and outlets of the Gulf of Mexico, south and west of the Mississippi."

AMONG the deaths of California adventurers is the name of one who is probably more widely known, by name, among the readers of magazines in this country, than that of any other person connected with the publishing business. We allude to Israel Post. One of our weekly papers gives a half humorous account of Mr. Post, from which we make an extract:

"We have a few obituary words to write concerning Israel, because he was a 'character.' In person he was short and square; his countenance was broad and benign, and usually lighted up with a smile. Of his smile, indeed,

he was not niggardly, bestowing it alike upon creditors and those whom he wanted to make such. Of all sanguine men, none was ever more sanguine than Israel. He would start you any number of illustrated periodicals with the most perfect confidence of success. Nothing but utter failure and a total cessation of 'means' would damp the ardor of his expectations. He was constantly expecting to make a fortune, being full of golden schemes, and his ruling passion dominated more strongly than ever in his latter days, for doubtless Death found him at Panama on his way to California.

"Israel Post was very positive not only of making his own fortune by his last new enterprise in the 'periodical line,' but that of some fifty or a hundred industrious young men, for whom he used to be constantly advertising, with an often iterated assurance that such would be certain to make from one to three thousand dollars a year in procuring subscribers to an immensely popular work. Israel's works were always popular in his own esteem, even before they were issued. If Israel owed you anything and you happened to meet him and receive the full radiance of his smile, you might have sworn that he had but one request to make of you—he only wanted you to 'sign off.' And everybody signed off, because it was of no possible use not to 'sign off'—the meaning of this singular compound verb being to give a receipt in full of all demand, when you have not received a 'soumarkee,' which means we take it something less than a penny. In giving this receipt one lies; but so one does when one signs a deed 'in consideration of one dollar to me in hand paid,' when no dollar has made its appearance.

"But to return to Israel. He was a man of good intentions. Once he kept a shop in the Bowery, sold Godey's Lady's Book, and made money. He removed to Broadway, published a Magazine, the *Columbian*, on his own—no, on somebody else's—hook, and lost his own—no, somebody else's—money. He then published the *Union Magazine*, but though 'immensely popular' he could not make it succeed. Ask the authors and designers and engravers, who were the luckless partners of the transaction, if he could.—His last convulsive effort was with 'The American Metropolitan,' which soon, in the forcible phraseology of the newsboys, 'bust up.'

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—we revere the precept, and have nothing but good to say of the late Israel Post. We, on the contrary, esteemed the man. He was, in his way, a patron of letters. He was, too, a man of taste, and could do fine things in the 'getting up' of pictorials. But, not to dwell longer upon his virtues, such as they were, we feel grieved that he is dead and gone, and that what hereafter may be said concerning him will be strictly *ex post facto*."

THE DOINGS OF OUR ARTISTS.—An unusual stimulus has been imparted to the interest of American Art, by the institution of Art-Unions in different parts of the country. The first of these beneficent institutions, originally called the "Apollo Association," but now the American Art-Union, has accomplished an immense amount of good by the annual distribution of pictures, and the large amount of money distributed among our artists, nearly all of whom have been recipients of the benefits of this well-designed and well-managed association. Similar institutions have been organized in Philadelphia and Boston, but not with much success. In Cincinnati a Western Art-Union has been formed whose operations have been on a very considerable scale, and much encouragement has been given to the artists of the West by means of its funds. In New York, Messrs. Goupil, Vibert and Co., an eminent print-publishing house of Paris, have established what they call an International Art-

Union, which is calculated to be of great service to the cause of Art, although it is more a private than a public association. The plan of the International Art-Union is not materially different from that of the American Art-Union, so far as the distribution of works of Art goes, but in other respects it is very different, the pictures being chiefly foreign productions of the best German and French Artists. A feud exists between these rival associations, which has led to a newspaper war, but the public are not likely to be injured by the emulation of two such institutions to out do each other. Whoever subscribes to either of these associations will be sure of receiving the full value of the price of subscription, in the engraving distributed, with the chance of receiving more than a hundred fold in the chance allotment of pictures. What these Institutions are doing for Fine Art, or the arts of design, the American Institute is doing for the Mechanic Arts. Each affords encouragement to art in its own way, and the result of the whole cannot be otherwise than beneficial to the interests of the people. Too little attention has heretofore been given by our people to the mercantile value of the Fine Arts. Pictures have been looked upon as luxuries for the rich, instead of being regarded as among the means by which the people are educated and society refined. Fine Art and useful art are more closely allied than the unthinking suppose. It is forgotten by our legislators and public writers, that natural wealth is derived as much from the cultivation of the mind as from the culture of the soil. Of the vast amount of merchandize that we import from France, by far the greater part derives its high value from the invention of the artist. No other nation of the world has cultivated Art as a means of natural wealth. England has but lately begun to perceive the advantages which France enjoys in this respect, and is endeavoring by founding free academies, and public galleries, to create an artistic feeling among her laboring people. Individual enterprize with us is left to accomplish what is done naturally by France and England. The Art-Unions are important aids in this great work, but among the most effective agents are the popular illustrated works, like our own, where cheapness renders them accessible to every individual in any part of our widely extended country.

NOTICE TO EXCHANGE PAPERS.—The newspapers with which we exchange will oblige us by not sending us their papers excepting in the case of containing a notice of our Magazine. Our exchange list is so heavy that the postage has become a very serious item of expenditure to us.

NOTICE TO READERS, SUBSCRIBERS, CORRESPONDENTS AND AGENTS.—One of our friends in the Far West asks us by letter: "Do you make Agents pay postage to you?" We don't make them, but we make it an unvarying rule to require them to do so.

We can no longer send the "Island City" to Subscribers to our Magazine, as the arrangement has been found too troublesome.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IN THE SOUTHWEST.—Mr. Samuel Riddle, of Pittsburg, has been appointed a Travelling Agent for Holden's Magazine in the Southwestern States, and we commend him to the respectful attention of our friends in that quarter.

TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.—It will be seen, by reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements

with Harper & Brothers, Dewitt & Davenport, Stringer & Townsend, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to advise all our country subscribers, who wish to obtain new works from this city, to forward the amount to W. H. Dietz, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as the Publisher of Holden's Magazine, will, in all cases receive money at his own risk, through the mail, in payment for any book published, provided the cash is enclosed and mailed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it is sent. By this method any one can easily receive any publication wished.

As the Magazine is furnished at a mere nominal price to country subscribers, we hope our friends in all parts of the country will favor us with their orders, to enable us to make good in that way our very small profit on the Magazine; and we know that many, if not all of them, prefer sending their book orders to some well known and responsible Publisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. Any book in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be furnished at the regular price, when ordered. For the accommodation of our subscribers we will at any time receive money as subscription to any of the three dollar magazines, or any other publications, daily, weekly, or monthly. Any orders for such will be promptly attended to. Letters must invariably be postpaid.

Caution to the Public.

Notwithstanding that we have repeatedly given notice that no one should be trusted as the Agent of this Magazine who cannot show his credentials from the proprietor, we are continually receiving letters by mail, informing us of money being paid to one person and another for subscriptions, whom we never before heard of. There is some reprobate at the Southwest who signs his name first Charles Loomis, and then D. F. C. Ellis, who has been imposing upon the people in that part of the country to a very serious extent, by representing himself as our Agent. He has, in several instances, received money in advance as subscription to our Magazine, and his receipts have been forwarded to us. But we have no other knowledge of him, and, of course, cannot be bound by any of his contracts. The only safe way for those who wish to become subscribers to our Magazine is for them to send their money direct to us, or to go to some responsible Periodical Agent and subscribe through him. The better way is to send direct to us.

We hope that some of those persons who have been duped by that unmitigated scamp Ellis, or Loomis, will catch the rascal and have him properly punished.

We have a large number of highly respectable gentlemen who are engaged as Travelling Agents, to whom we have given authority to receive monies on account of the Magazine. Their commissions are all duly signed, and are to hold good for six months from their date.

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NEW BOOKS.

WILLIAM H. DIETZ having now completed his stock of Books, Pamphlets, Periodicals, Prints, &c. &c., is prepared to furnish his country subscribers and others with anything in the above line at the Publishers lowest prices. He has on hand as large an assortment of the New Publications of the day, as any one in the United States, and is prepared to furnish all country orders for single copies accompanied by the cash.

The following list comprises a few of the Books he offers for sale. Each book will, on the reception of an order, be mailed to the address of the person ordering it, enclosed in a strong wrapper, and carefully directed.

Edmond Dantes, a sequel to the Count of Monte-Cristo.	50
Gold Mines of the Gila.	50
Jeremiah Saddlebags Journey to the Gold Regions.	25
History of St. Giles and St. James. By Douglas Jerrold.	\$0 37
Corrinne, or Italy. By Mad. de Stael.	50
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Jane Eyre. By Acton Bell.	25
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The Dreamer and Worker. By Douglas Jerrold.	25
Ingleboro' Hall. By H. W. Herbert.	25
Kate in Search of a Husband.	25
James the Second. By W. H. Ainsworth.	25
Rose Summerville.	25
Old Convents of Paris.	25
Log of a Privateersman. By Marryatt.	25
Faust; a Romance of the Secret Tribunals.	50
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The Musician's Companion. Containing 40 sets of Cotillions, arranged with Figures, and a large number of popular Marches, Waltzes, Quicksteps, Hornpipes, Country Dances, Songs, &c. &c. &c.; several of which are in three parts. First, Second, and Bass for Flute, Violin, Clarinet, Bass-Viol, and containing in all over 500 pieces of Music, of which more than 150 are original, or have never before been published in this country.	1 00

Any person in the country, North, South, East, or West, can obtain any book, if in print, by sending the order to Holden's Magazine. They will always be furnished at the regular price, and for the trouble of obtaining information concerning Books, Engravings, rare and valuable Paintings, &c. &c., nothing is charged.

As the profit on Holden's Magazine to the Publisher is very slight, he hopes that all his subscribers and friends in the country wishing any book published, will send their order to him, and give him the benefit of the little profit accruing therefrom. Will his numerous friends bear this in mind? On the receipt of any order the book sent for will be immediately enclosed in a strong wrapper and mailed the same day. Address, (Post Paid,) HOLDEN'S MAGAZINE, 109 Nassau street, New York.

To Subscribers—City and Country.

If every subscriber on our books would only interest him, or herself in our behalf sufficiently to send one additional name to us to commence the New Year, we should have a list which would immediately pay handsomely, and enable us to increase the attractions of our pictorial department (already large) to a much greater extent. The sum total of all such names would indeed assist us materially, and the time spent by each subscriber to aid us, would not be lost in the least. Will not our friends, therefore, lend us a helping hand, and send in each an extra name for the present year? to HOLDEN'S MAGAZINE.

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